Cannon Ball

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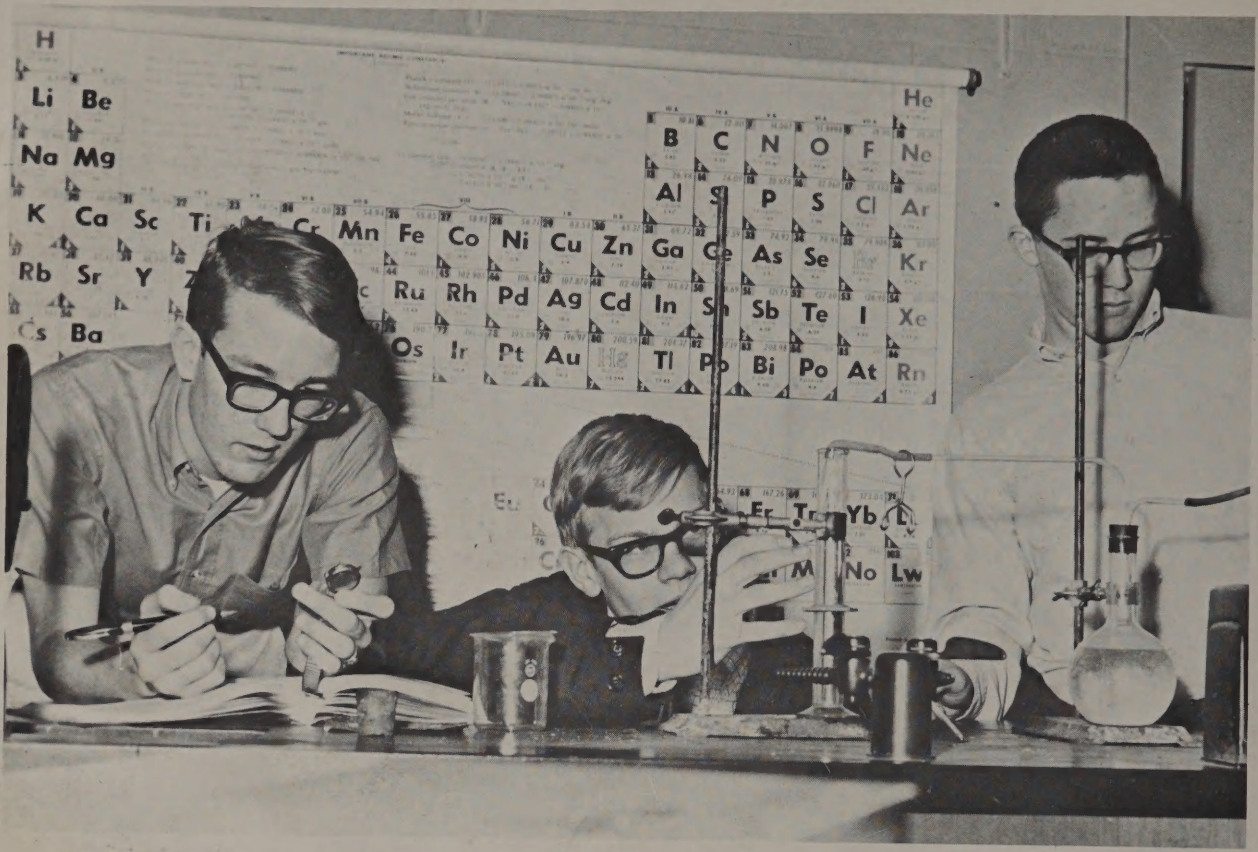
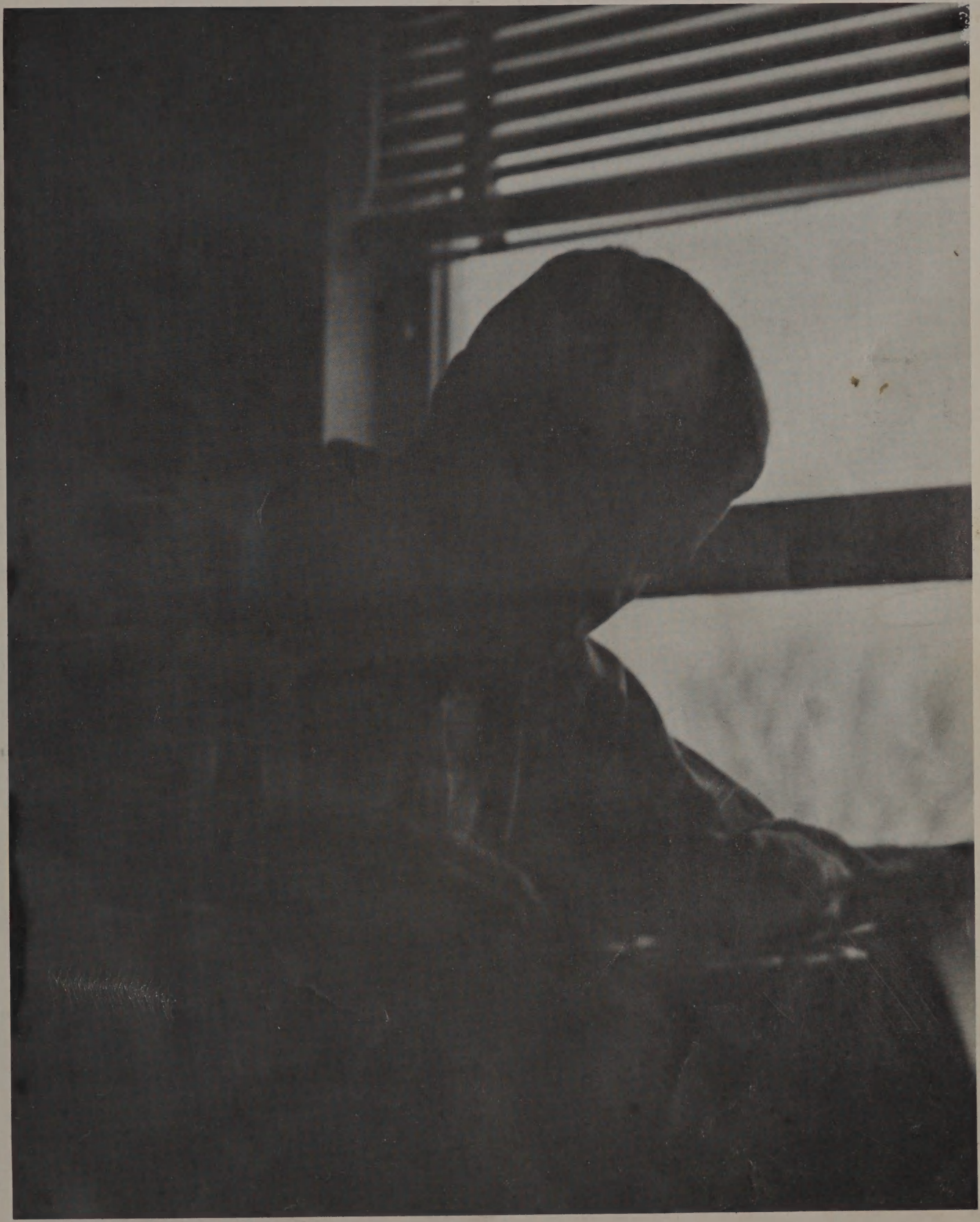
"... Send your boys to us
and we will attempt to incite
in them some deeds of valor
in the name of Jesus Christ."

S. V. WALL, FOUNDER, 1889



"I will study and get ready
And perhaps my chance will come."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



"Behold how good and how pleasant

it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

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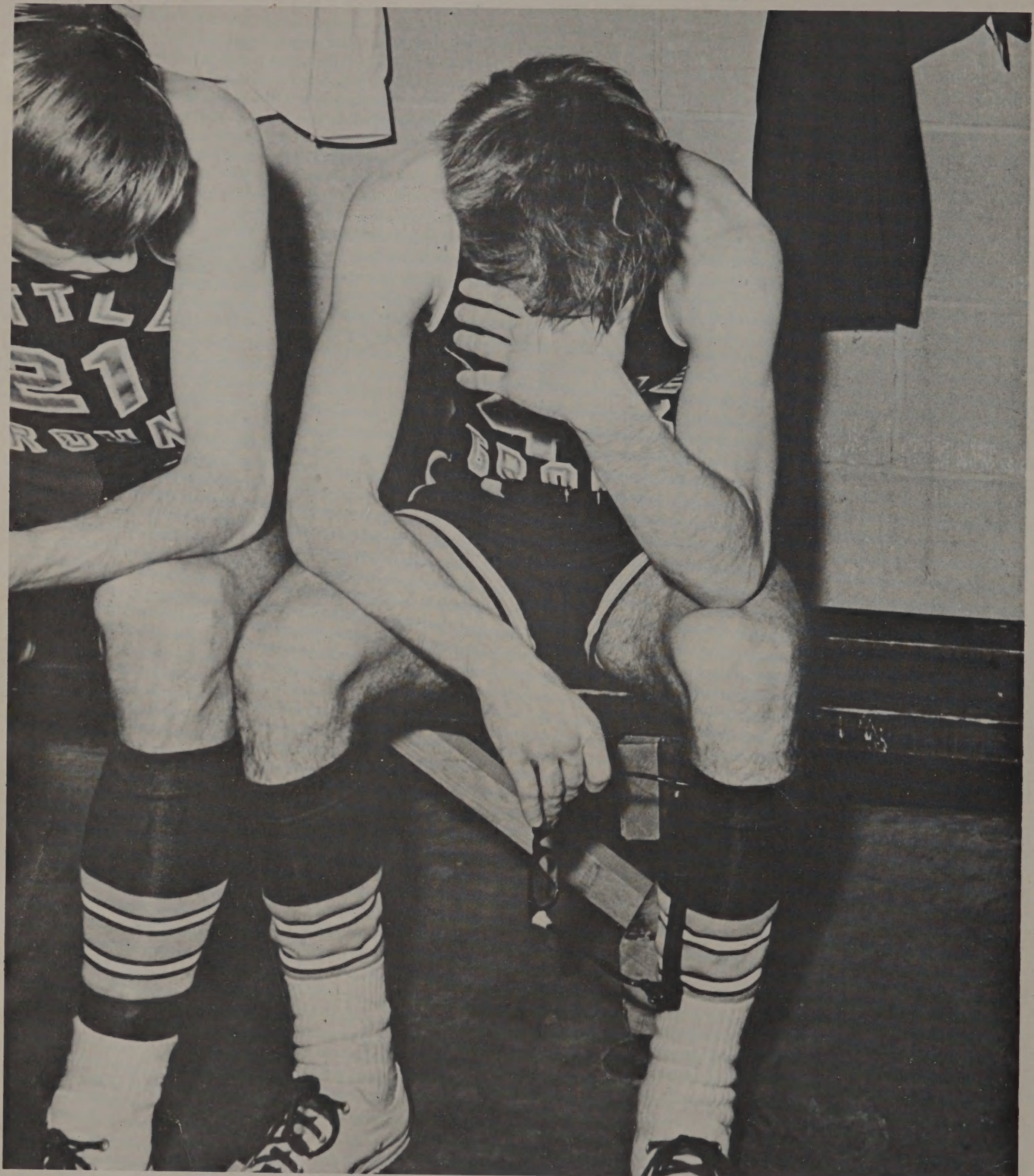
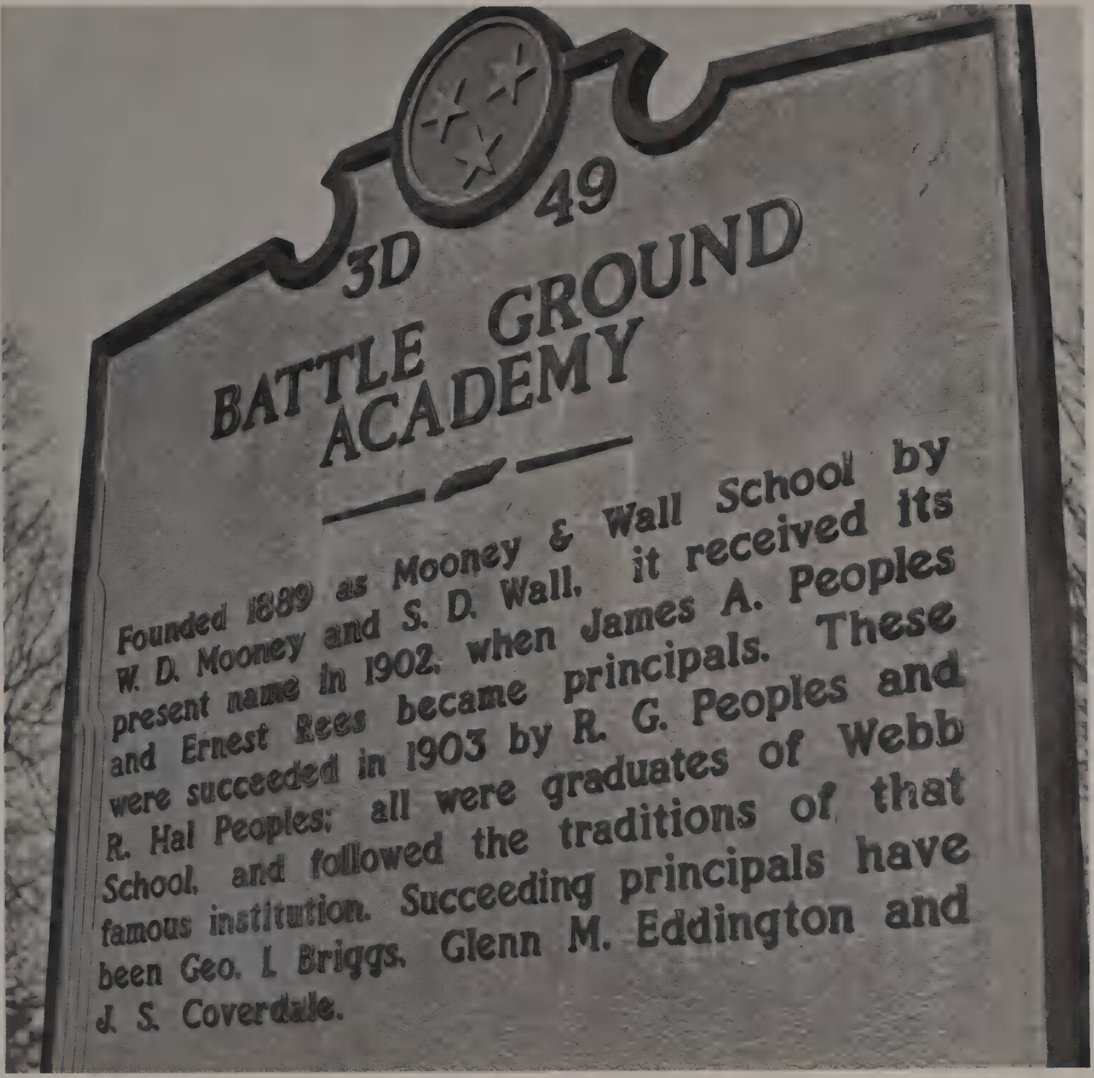


"The Rose and the Thorn,
And Sorrow and Gladness
Are Linked Together."

SAADI

"It has been sustained by such a vision . . .
The habitual vision of greatness."

ALEXANDER GUERRY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BATTLE GROUND ACADEMY
Founded 1889 as Mooney & Wall School by W. D. Mooney and S. D. Wall. it received its present name in 1902, when James A. Peoples and Ernest Rees became principals. These were succeeded in 1903 by R. G. Peoples and R. Hal Peoples; all were graduates of Webb School, and followed the traditions of that famous institution. Succeeding principals have been Geo. I. Briggs, Glenn M. Eddington and J. S. Coverdale.

The 1968 Cannon Ball
of
Battle Ground Academy

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE

Editors
ROBERT ESTES
WILLIAM RAMSEY

Business Manager
CURTIS MILES

Sponsor
DONALD PATTERSON

Contents

Dedication ... 10
Fall ... 12
Winter ... 42
Spring ... 72
Administration and Faculty ... 102
Board of Trustees ... 104
Classes ... 114
Advertisements ... 150
Student Index ... 223

Mr. Billy L. Bradshaw

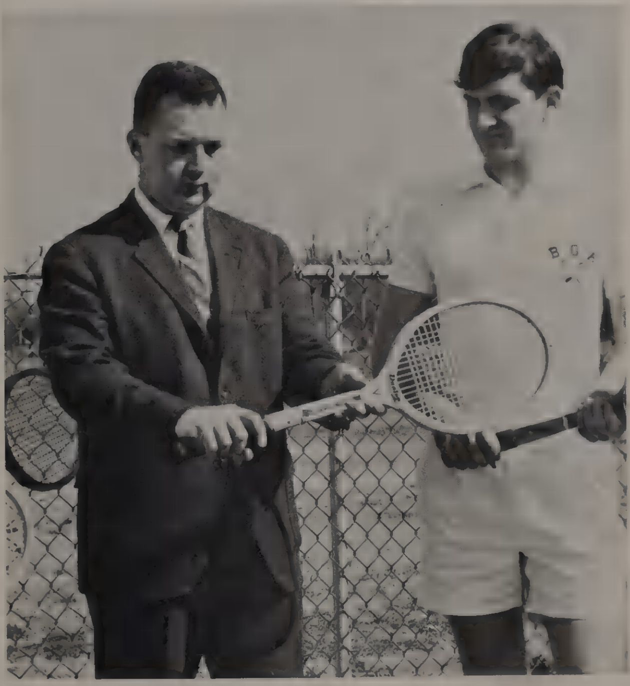
Most men achieve greatness for what they say,
Some for what they do,
And a very few for what they are.

The work of the past year which has made possible the production of the 1968 CANNON BALL demanded much from everyone involved. These efforts and their product are dedicated to Mr. Billy L. Bradshaw.

All of us will remember Mr. Bradshaw as he was in his basement classroom. He sat in the chair that was always beside his desk and never behind it. His hands were sometimes folded as he gazed at the ceiling, trying to think of an answer for a troublesome question. He lined his books up between two inert bombshells. You remember the titles: *Black and Conservative, Red Spies in the U.N.,* and all the others. He never hid his political views; instead, his candid viewpoints and ours often provided material for friendly discussions, mild controversies, and sometimes even heated arguments.

Outside the classroom, Mr. Bradshaw was hardly inactive. He was our tennis coach. In fact, he had more than a passing interest in the sport. During the school year he built courts, and during the summer he taught people how to play the game at Hillwood.

But more important than all this was the viewpoint that Mr. Bradshaw introduced to us: Things were either right or wrong and good ends never justified bad means. We may have disagreed with it, but we had to think about it. And that is what we will remember Mr. Bradshaw for in the end: we had to think about what he said.



MEAN
GO
10

BATT
GROU
ACAD
188

"How bravely Autumn paints
upon the sky
The gorgeous flame of summer
which is fled!"

This was where our year began. Late August and the days were dry. There was dust on the morning roads, but the trees by the practice field across from the gym were still green. The afternoons were cool and good to yawn in. But on the last day of August, on a good morning, all of us went to the school.

Registration. There were a lot of people there you had never seen before. Old students recognized old teachers and sized up the new ones. Mr. Smithson made a few of his predictable attacks on some of his favorite targets. Long-suffering Mr. Reynolds told you when you would take P.E. Familiar things were still with us. Woodrow Wilson's picture was still on top of the display case in the war museum, along with the gas masks and a "fragment from a bronze Nazi eagle." The building itself had not softened any; the walls were still painted in severe white and battleship gray. The commissary and environs were still green. Room One belonged to Mr. Bragg; and Pete Gracey, All-American, continued to glare at all the people who walked by him. Ah, yes. Tradition. Good stuff. The only things missing were the ivy on the outside walls and the pile of cannonballs that used to be in front of each cannon out on the front lawn.

School began the next week. No matter who you were, you got a desk in study hall. The writing surface was garnished with choice carvings and epithets. It was impossible to write on using only a pen and piece of paper, since you would hit a carved out space every few seconds. The Seniors were placed in the back of the study hall. As the days became colder, the noise of the heating fan in the back effectively drowned out Mr. Redick and the assorted chapel speakers. Despite all our efforts the season progressed.

JIMMY GENTRY
Athletic Director

"A strong body
makes the mind strong."
THOMAS JEFFERSON

BILL CHERRY
Football, Track

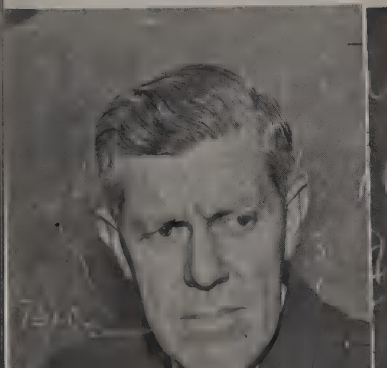
BILL SMITH
Basketball, Baseball

ROBERT GENTRY
Football

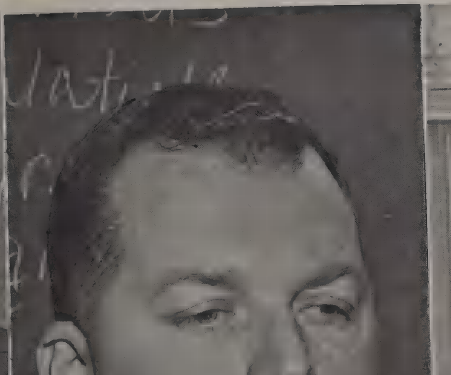
Over the years Battle Ground has established a reputation for building men physically as well as mentally. Outstanding coaching staffs have always been indicative of the athletic programs at B.G.A. This year's staff was more qualified and more diversified than any in the school's history. Letters were offered in eight varsity sports, including football, basketball, wrestling, baseball, tennis, swimming, golf, and track. Each of these sports was supervised by one or more members of the coaching staff. Although many of the teams did not rate as well as some of the past, each sport had its individual standouts. Buzz Hamilton was named to the All-Midstate football squad and awarded a scholarship to Vanderbilt University. Allen Anderson was invited to participate in the TSSAA All-Star football game. Many of the athletes were commended by the press weekly for their outstanding performances. These things must be the result of the attention of trained coaches.

DR. HARRY GUFFEE
Trainer

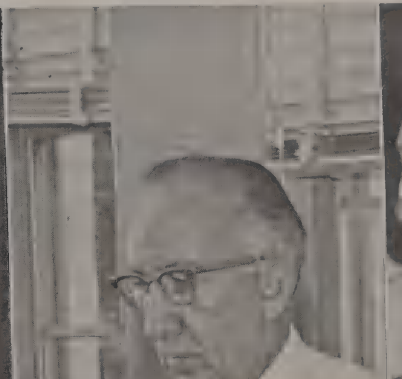
HAROLD KENNEDY
Football



BILL BRADSHAW
Tennis


cem in Terris ?

J. B. AKIN
Golf

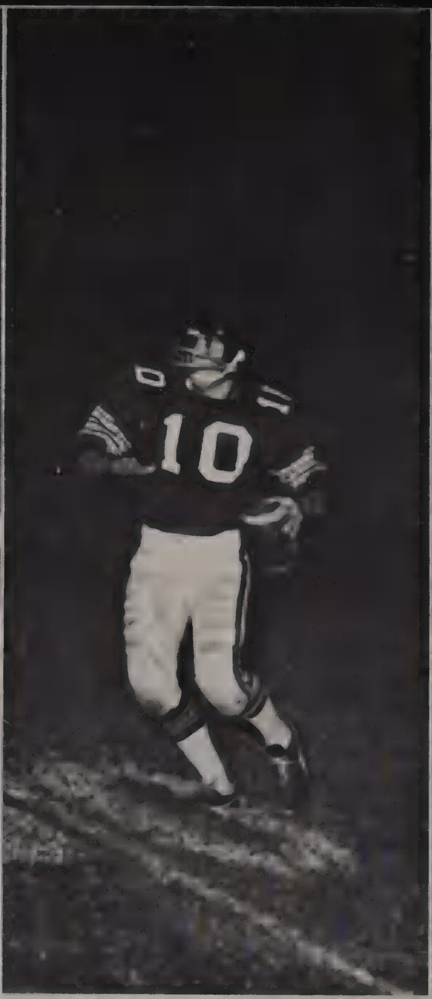


RALPH REYNOLDS
Swimming

Football! Friday night. Lights. Color. Music. *Action*! A shrill whistle. Kickoff. First down. Tension. Anticipation. *Touchdown*! Hysteria. But is it good? Yes. 7 to 0. Defense. A long pass. Interception? No. 7 to 7. Letdown. But a cheer helps. *We're Up!* Halftime already? Aromas abound. Fresh hot popcorn. A Coke soothes the irritated throat. Discussion. And in the locker room, more discussion. Tighten up on defense! Fifty-five should go. Block that middle linebacker! Let's go! Back on the field. Turf's not so fresh. Footing's bad around the thirty. Sweat? Pressure? You bet! And who cares? It's playing that counts. Fourth quarter, now. Exhaustion. But you've got to keep going. Harder. Faster. Quicker. 'Got to get in. On the three. Last chance. Sprint-at-two. He's over! Hold 'em. Minutes. Seconds. 5-4-3-2-1-0. Victory!

Intense, gripping—this is the world of football. No matter whether you win or lose, the feeling is there. And strange things happen, too. Men become boys, and boys become men. Follow us now as we trace the path of the 1967 Wildcats!

75



It started in early August. The days were not as hot as those in previous years. The cool breezes made the practices more bearable but no easier. We again suffered through camp. No changes here. The linemen's green cabins were still a good thirty yards from the latrine, and the fresh morning dew still melted into the lower atmosphere to make the field as muggy as it was hot. It only lasted a week, though, and we returned to face Hendersonville.

Over forty-five hundred fans jammed the Commandos' new stadium to see if the defending state champions were as good as their title. Elizer's long run was the only Hendersonville offense generated in the first half. It was good enough to give our opponents a 6 to 0 halftime edge. The situation was remedied in the second half as Brother Campbell scored twice, capping long drives. The defensive charges of Allen Anderson, Buzz Hamilton, John Moran, and Jimmy Rader were too much for the wearied Commandos. They led the defensive effort that stopped Hendersonville's last minute drive. We won, 13 to 6.

Springfield was big and tough. The rains that started that afternoon were ominous. They lasted throughout the game, making the ball slick and hard to handle. The defense did a creditable job, but we couldn't get our offense moving. The Yellow Jackets "upset" us 14 to 0. We were downcast, but Buzz soothingly reminded us, "We've got a lot of games to play. 9 and 1 won't be such a bad season!" We all emphatically agreed.

The next three weeks passed slowly. We fell to Lawrenceburg (19 to 7), Deshler (7 to 0), and powerful Clarksville (55 to 7). We couldn't go to a bowl now, but there was still time left to win games. Shelbyville was a team we could beat. The offense finally started to move. David Gerth broke through the line several times for fine gains. The defense was strong. With any kind of luck we could have won, but luck was not with us and we salvaged a 13 to 13 tie. While not being a victory, it was certainly not a defeat. Words of praise after the game encouraged us to try for victories in the coming weeks.

THE VARSITY—*Front Row, Left to Right:* Herrington, H. Moran, Harris, Greene, Mitchell, Blackburn, Campbell, Gerth, Faircloth, Williams. *Second Row:* Muncy, Ross, Benz, Thompson, Dunn, Hoover, Little, Estes, Lee, Dodson, Manager Wright. *Back Row:* Manager Stephens, Coach Bobby Gentry, A. Gentry, Hamilton, Rader, Martin, J. Moran, Chambers, Anderson, Coach Cherry, Manager J. Gentry.

Co-captain Jimmy Rader, Coach Cherry, Captain Brother Campbell, Co-captain Allen Anderson.

Murfreesboro was a tough loss (14 to 13). We kept the ball in their territory early in the game, but could only score once. In the second half Buzz Hamilton single-handedly took a long pass from Steve Mitchell to score. It was not enough, though. The next week the B-team merged with us, and we formed offensive and defensive platoons. That Friday night at Lebanon the defense had its finest game of the season. Allen, Buzz, John, and Jimmy again led the charge with Phil Martin, David Gerth, and Buddy Parker close behind. Lebanon could manage only one drive that night, a long one in the third quarter. It was all they needed, though, and we fell 6 to 0.

True, the season had been somewhat disappointing up to this point; however, we now were awarded an opportunity to alleviate our sins. Stratford was an N.I.L team, and if we could beat them and they could beat M.B.A. in the Clinic Bowl. . . ! Rains came that afternoon along with a cold wave. A strong wind whipped across J. B. Akin Field, permeating each body with the damp cold. The crowd was somewhat small—some twenty-odd students—but we didn't care. We had come to play football. Harry Blackburn scored all our points on a field goal, a touchdown, and an extra point. Between these, Stratford managed to toss a double-reverse touchdown pass to a quarterback, sustain two long drives, kick a field goal, and thus outscore us 21 to 10. We lost to Jackson the next week 40 to 0, ending our season.

We had started in August with great expectations. The season then proceeded to grind away with every defeat. The Wildcat fan who followed the team throughout the season did have some pleasant moments. Allen would always hit somebody hard in every game. The sound of his tackles could sometimes be heard high in the stands. Buzz and Jimmy made fine pass receptions. Of course, somebody had to throw the ball, namely Brother or "Mitch." Nobody worked harder in the line than John Moran. The opposition just didn't move Johnny. He couldn't do it all, though. And nobody worked harder in the backfield than David Gerth. In fact, all of us worked, for there was little time for slack on the field.

Our championship balloon had been completely deflated, but the season was not a total loss. For those who remained, there was always next year. The Seniors could not help but be somewhat frustrated with our record. However, we were privileged to be a part of one of Tennessee's greatest high school football teams ever during our Junior year. This in itself was enough to outweigh the memories of ten losing seasons like this one. Lessons were learned in defeat, too. Most of us learned that while playing the game was well worth the effort, victory was far superior to defeat.

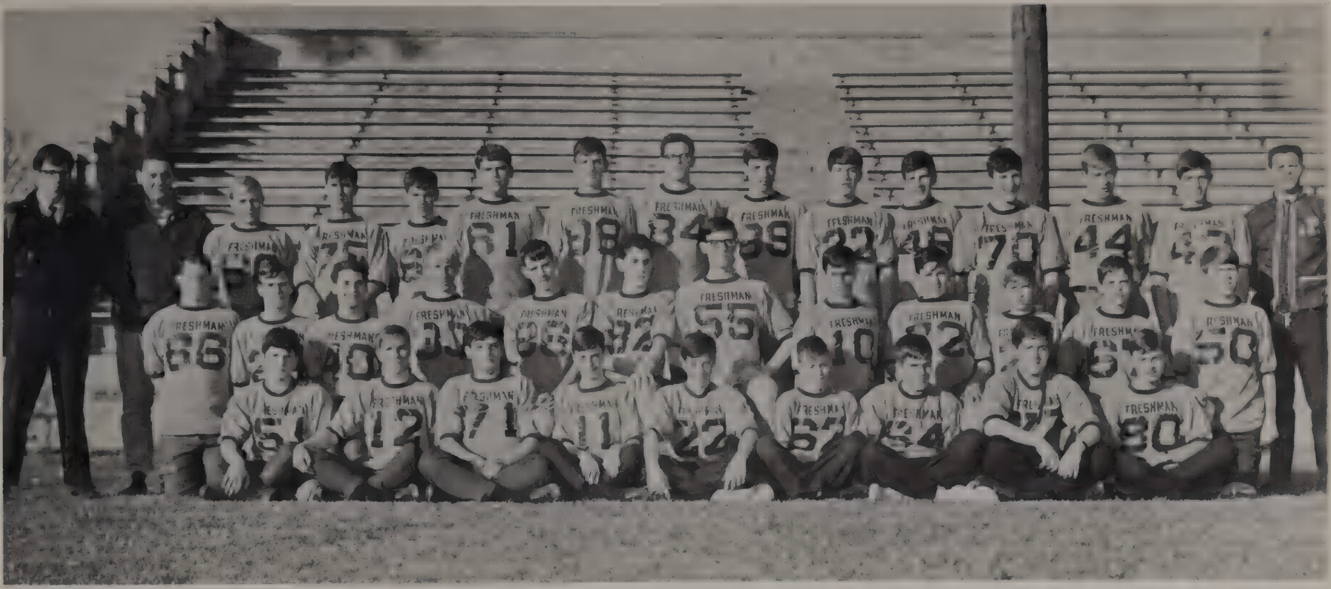
THE B-TEAM: *Front Row:* Sparkman, Goodman, Lee, Hollins, Duke, Armistead, Minor, Miner. *Middle Row:* Church, Faircloth, Smithson, Akin, McGinnis, Thompson, Milam, Roberts. *Top Row:* Mgr. Stephens, Allen, Gentry, Beadle, Armistead, Parker, Powell, Powers, Huffman, West, Oliver, Coach Kennedy.

Co-Captain Bill Armistead; Coach Kennedy; and Co-Captain Doug Thompson.

The Wildcat B-team under the direction of coach Harold Kennedy ended its season with a winning 3-2 record. Halfback Nate Green ran for most of the team's touchdowns. "Mouse" Church added a couple with his alert defensive play. The offense was sparked by the blocking of Doug "Raw Jaws" Thompson and Chris Ross.

Defense, however, was the highlight of the team. The team's "Buddy-Buddy" linebackers—namely, Buddy Allen and Buddy Parker—came through with key tackles. In one instance the latter tackled a Castle Heights runner, causing him to fumble. The ever alert Doug Thompson picked the ball up and ran 30 yards. When an opposing player came close to tackling him, Doug wisely chose to throw the ball over his head. After a short chase Dan Gentry picked it up and dashed to the five where he was halted. The team scored two plays later.

In summary, the Wildcats rolled over Castle Heights twice: 28-0 and 21-0. They pulled out a close one with Lebanon—winning 21-18. But a heartbreaker was lost to arch-rival Franklin in the last minute, 13-7. The other loss was to C.M.A., 19-7.



THE FRESHMAN TEAM—*Bottom Row:* Andrews, Phipps, Warfield, Thomason, Ross, Haffner, Simonton, Ambrose, Green. *Middle Row:* Matthews, Rodgers, Goldstein, Broderson, Billington, Armistead, B. Smith, Harrison, S. Smith, Hume, Manning, Dudley. *Top Row*: Coach Parsons, Coach Reynolds, Duke, Hall, Boyd, Sutton, Funte, Morrison, McDaniel, Harper, Jones, Moench, Philpot, Lykins, Coach Smith.

The Freshman Football team under the direction of Coach Smith compiled a 2-4 record this year. They were handicapped by having three of their most outstanding players, Moran, Armistead, and Hoover, spend the entire season with the varsity. The Freshmen opened up the season with a commendable victory over C.M.A. After falling to Murfreesboro and Springfield, they defeated Hendersonville soundly, 19-6. Their record is not a proper judgment of the talent and spirit of the team. Some standouts of the team and future varsity prospects were: Broderson, Philpot, Hall, Phipps, Duke, and Thomason. With these boys moving up to the varsity we can expect good teams for the next three years.

It wasn't a bad year for parties. The Seniors had established a precedent in the winter of their Junior year when they persuaded the faculty to allow the sponsorship of a combo after a basketball game. It was such a success that they decided to continue the practice this year. For the first after-game party Buzz announced, "We're bringing in a band all the way from Nashville." The band was one of the many Nashville Shadows, and they performed well. The next combo was the best. The Exotics agreed to perform after the Shelbyville game for a nominal sum. They played in their usual smooth, professional manner, which brought comments from the crowd such as, "How did we manage to get somebody that good?" Nobody expected the performance that the up-and-coming Rubber Band, featuring our own Jere Ellis, gave after the Jackson game. When Mr. Cobb finally turned off the lights, they turned on their strobe light and "psyched out" to the tune of Jimi Hendrix's "Purple Haze."

"...There was the sound of revelry by night...
The lamp shone o'er fair women and brave men."
LORD BYRON

The fat-cat Seniors finally relinquished sponsorship rights to the needy Juniors, who had correctly accused their older classmates of having a monopoly on combo profits. Their first effort was neatly snowed-out after the M.B.A. basketball game, but they finally succeeded in presenting the Rubber Band, again, after the Peabody game. Their profits were due mainly to the excellent supervision of Senior Johnny Moran; however, Bill Armistead showed great promise of becoming a future combo baron.

The Seniors sponsored only one private party. Buzz asked for persons to suggest a place for the function, and Edna Wade's house was volunteered. It was no quantitative success as only about ten to twelve couples came. They managed to entertain themselves, though, to the soft mellow music of Johnny Mathis' "Small World," "The Flame of Love," et. al. Occasionally a wise guy would try to play "Temptations' Greatest Hits," but the situation would soon be corrected. The Seniors showed their appreciation to Edna by naming her the first "Senior Sweetheart" for the *Wildcat*.

THE WILDCAT STAFF—*Left to Right:* Lovell, Taylor, Minor, Lynch, Rogers, Gordon, Hume, Johnson, Dudley, Moore.

This year the newspaper looked a little different. On the front page, it always had a full size picture. The headline was in large Old English script. This eliminated the need to have any writing on the front page. The funny part of the paper was what everybody read, to see if it was funny or not. Since most the stories were about and for the boarders, the day boys often drew a blank. Of course, the jokes had to be obscure, since the teachers read the paper too. Or did they?

It was important to remember that there were several bounds in this sort of journalistic work which could hardly be ignored. Potential muckrakers were frustrated in their attempts to expose various forms of evil—or whatever they didn't like. Someday they would move on to better places where their powers of expression would not be hampered. On the *Wildcat,* however, people—at least a few—learned to consider the possible effects of the words they wrote.

"Worlds of fine thinking lie buried in that vast abyss
[Newspapers] never to be disentombed
Or restored to human admiration."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

GLENN OSBORNE, *Copy Editor;* TOMMY LAWRENCE, *Sports Editor;* GARY POWERS, *Features Editor.*

BILLY LLOYD, *Editor;* DAVID GARDNER, *Co-Editor.*

Chorus Director David Byrd

Two years ago, in 1965 or thereabouts, Battle Ground's Glee Club sort of died out. Last year, no one seemed too concerned about not having one. Now it is back with a new title. This was chiefly Mr. Byrd's doing. People wondered what he was up to at first, when they could hear him singing all through the building in the afternoon. It sounded nice, but you couldn't understand all the words. No matter, Mr. Byrd had his chorus going. The boys in it gave a program right before Christmas and it made the Senior Play anticlimactic. Well, not really. But it was pretty good. The chorus also performed at several churches in the area, improving the school's image and gaining the good will of many. Mr. Byrd's plans for next year include some instrumental music to complement his voices in the chorus.

THE CHORUS—*Back Row:* McClanahan, Howarth, Buttrey, King, Beasley, Irion, Brantley, Smithson, Livingstone, Roberts, Minor, Little. *Front Row:* Doyel, Smith, Atwood, Uthman, McLaughlin.

DRAMATIC READERS: Felix Fly, Joe Lester, Steve Hicks, Mr. Byrd, Tom Brady, Tommy Lawrence.

Another year in the dorms began in early September. We brought our clothes, record players, radios, and musical instruments and found a place for them in our rooms (some small, some large). There were more new faces than usual, and many of the old ones were gone.

Mr. Patterson explained the intricate rules and regulations to us again in study hall. There were some new rules; many old ones were revised. He told us about weekend leaves and R.O.T.C. (Right on this campus). The new boys were terrified; the older ones were still afraid, but they knew that his bark was worse than his bite.

We were told that this was the finest group of boarders ever assembled at B.G.A.; but soon we began to give them trouble, especially in the new dorm. Late lights were taken away and leaves were cancelled. We were the same bad boys we had been in the years before. Many got time for being "red-blooded American boys"; they were just participating in a little horseplay.

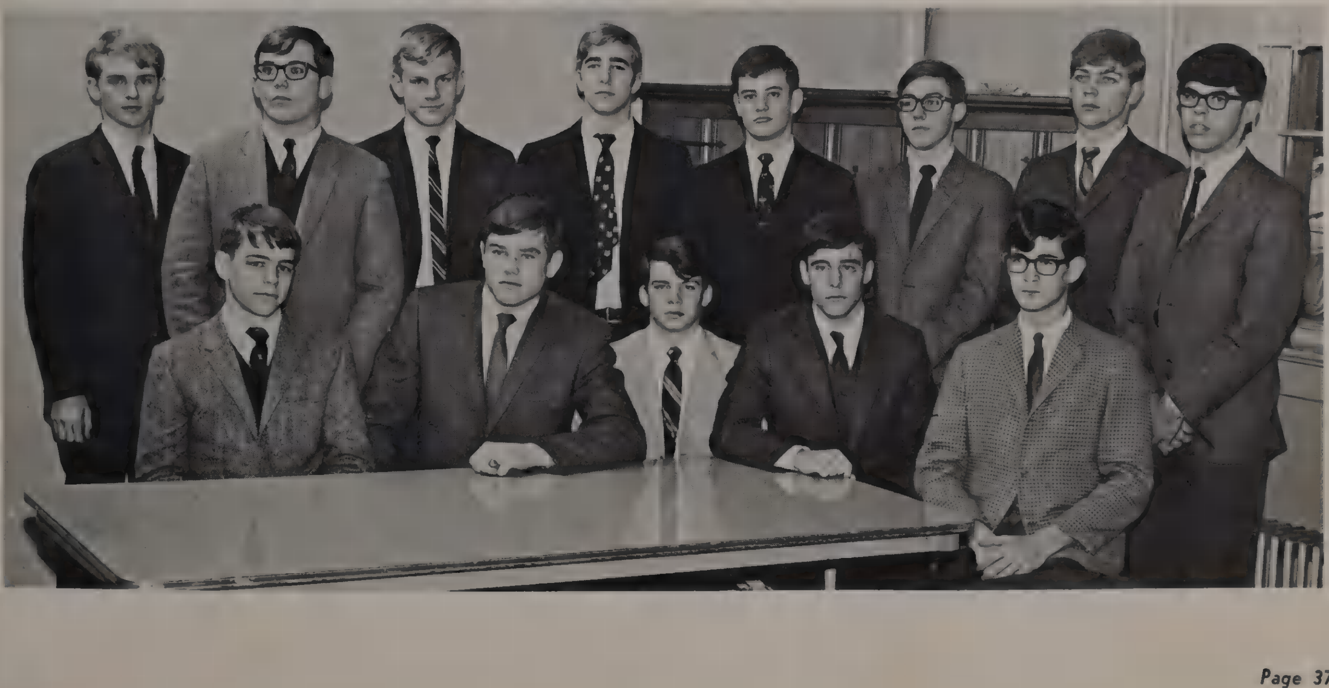
The proctors were appointed by Mr. Patterson to keep order in the dorms. Sometimes they were the very people who caused the disorder. They were the "lawmen." They could give demerits, but they also invented other forms of punishment much more imaginative, which brought an uneasy peace to the battle ground.

The shack boys came into the limelight this year. The smokers came up with new, witty sayings, such as "How 'bout chu?" and "Hokay Joe!" Hedden, Folsom, Wolff, Powers, Dempsey, and Johnson were our new leaders, our heroes. The shack boys were the most colorful group of boarders on campus.

Each dorm had its own characteristics. The old dorm contained the urchins. Some were pitiful; others were O.K. The urchins always kept their rooms cleaner than the older boys. The proctors kept them in line with a little physical persuasion occasionally, but this was soon stopped. Many of the smaller boys found it hard to adjust to the life in the dorms. The new dorm, or the Senior dorm, housed more Juniors than Seniors. There was much horseplay after lights, but the culprits were captured only a few times. "Raw Jaws" Thompson and "Simple" Gant challenged the whole dorm to a fight but were only laughed at. Parker was the iron man and paraded down the hall showing his magnificent build. Folsom, Powers, and Johnson, along with Wolff and Hedden from the house, held soul sessions in which they did the "boogaloo" to the popular tunes of the day. The house, was, almost without fail, late for breakfast. Huffman washed his face; Brantley sang his songs.

Actually, this year was not unlike many others as far as the boarders were concerned, except that, for a few of us, it was our last year.

THE PROCTORS—*Seated:* Gardner, Provost, Dempsey, Oliver, Osborne. *Standing:* Lloyd, R. Minor, Ramsey, Sutherland, Lester, Fly, Hedden, Johnson.



"…and ever has it been that love knows not
its own depth until the hour of separation."

KAHLIL GIBRAN

Mr. Daly Thompson

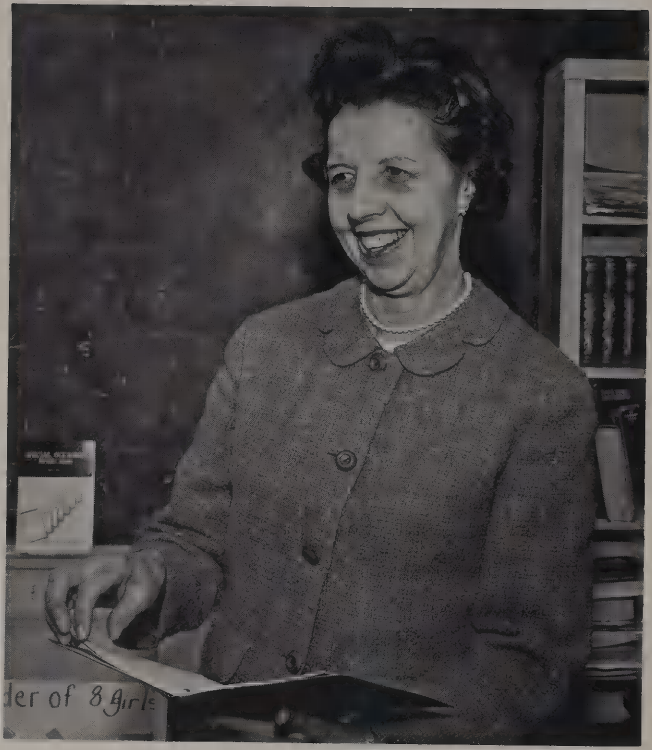
It was late in September, on a day that was different from the ones that had preceded it. The sky was grey and held rain which never came. The green maples bent in the wind along Adams Avenue as we marched two abreast to see Mr. Thompson off. The service was simple; we liked it. When it was over, there were two lines on either side of the street as the cars went by out to the cemetery. Mr. Thompson had left us behind in the world. Even after he had gone, there was still talk of him. People still asked where the other nine were and they still remembered Lige, Moses, and Aaron. Few people are lucky enough to be mimicked after they have gone. There was no irreverence; only good memories and respect based on knowledge of a man whose life needs no eulogy.

"Speech is the mirror of the soul,
As the man, so is his speech."

PUBLIUS SYRUS

Remember what Mrs. Duke always said? "Speech is communication." That was what she said, all right. Every morning in chapel, there she would be. "Mr. Redick, I'd like to see. . . ." She would bring you into the room on the right side of the study hall and listen to what you had to say. Perhaps you stood on the platform, surrounded by George Armistead's current events posters and old copies of *Harper's*. When you were speaking, you might pause long enough to see who was walking to or from the old dorm. After you were through, Mrs. Duke would always offer you her opinion, always mentioning what you did right along with your mistakes.

If you were a freshman, speech was not such a casual affair. It was a class in which you got a sampling of all types of Mrs. Duke's communication—debate, extemporaneous speaking, and poetry and prose interpretation. It left you with an appreciation for what you could say.



Forensics Director Mrs. E. C. Duke

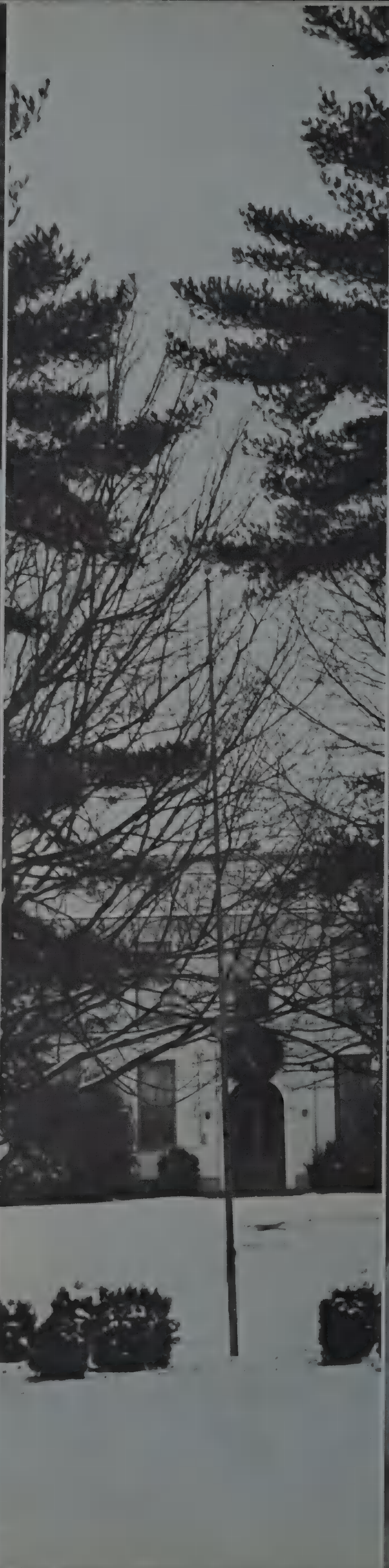
The Freshman Speech Members

If you were a boarder, you had a roommate who would usually torment you whether you persecuted him or not. You began to look forward to the weekends as you never had before. You began to get sick of the place.

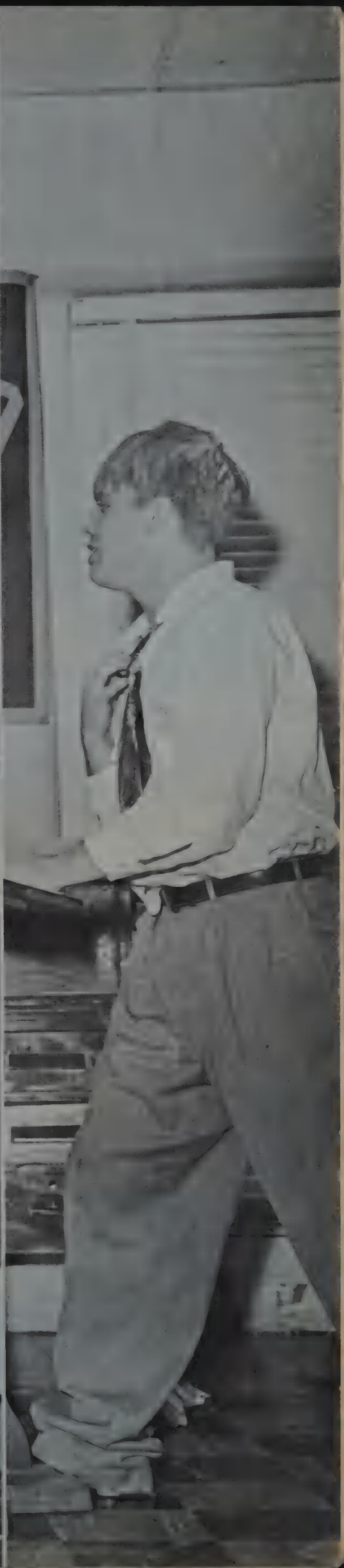
Day student or boarder, the newness soon wore off as work turned into drudgery and last minute scribbling before fifth period, or whenever the work was due. With the three-thirty bell, you had a respite from the routine of school. You could then plunge into the routine of football practice, or studying. Perhaps you were one of those commissary gourmets. Quite a choice from the red machines! Full Dinner, Cheezers, Peanut Butter Toast, Eat-a-Snax! After your repast, there was always the television with the movies, if you happened to be a cinema *aficionado. La Dolce Vita,* eh?

The Seniors began to worry about college. For them there were applications, forms with blank spaces and confusing questions which demanded answers and admitted no delay. There were deadlines, fees, and uncertainties. There were choices to make, and sometimes you didn't want to choose. A, B, C, or D? One-hour time limit, remember. Hurry.

The season ended with the last football game. It was getting darker earlier. The rains came. The wind was louder and colder. There was little time left in the year; there was little time left in the decade.



Pounders



Winter. The middle season of our year. The ground was hard with frost in the morning. It rained, and the black tree branches shone in the lights from the dormitories at night. The days were damp with an unfriendly cold. People began to bother you more if you did not bother them. Winter had to be waited out.

There were things that helped, but you had to stay busy. The teachers helped with that. You had proofs and equations and questions and themes. Five days a week and Sunday night. They could be ignored for a while until all the questions on a test were the ones you didn't know.

The high windows in George I. Briggs were on at night, for the sun set early. Basketballs and running feet shook the floor. Wrestlers worked in the lobby on the long black mats. They came out of the place tired and glad to be through for another day. They waited for the games and matches. They won and lost and learned a little.

The weekends had a character made from remembered scenes and words. Friday assembly and the good-natured ribbing from the back of the study hall. This was followed by the check out line up front, where Mr. Patterson stood with a relieved grin when he saw you were checking out for the weekend. Then there was time. Here you paid more attention to the clock than usual. Friday night was a basketball game. Crowded stands filled with people who managed to tolerate the referee as long as our team was leading. People who couldn't find room stood in the doorway and leaned against the walls and moved their heads to see around the people in front.

After the second game with M.B.A., you walked into the snow. It filled up the holes in the wire mesh fence around the gym and it flew into your face. You felt light, but then you remembered what was coming, and the snow seemed ominous.

The dean of winter draws a line
six feet
off the ground
and anyone who can't walk
under it
without stooping
gets an undershirt
with a number
the dean draws another line five feet
five inches off the ground and anyone
who can walk under it gets a gray shirt
and a whistle
the tall men do battle
throw a ball
through a hole
ten feet off the ground
to the tune of the whistle
and one team
of tall men
loses
which is what builds character
but the tall men
are silent
and think
that losing
helps nobody
but the
winner.

On the Friday afternoon of the Murfreesboro football game, our basketball Wildcats began practicing in preparation for the coming season. Approximately twenty-five boys turned out for the first session. The first few practices consisted of conditioning and ball-handling drills. After four laps around the football field and several trips up and down the stadium steps, we did various exercises, some of them contrived by Coach Reynolds. Next we returned to the gym, where a scrimmage took place between the "shirts" and the "skins." Practices were concluded with a series of running drills while Coach Smith's hateful whistle kept going on and on.

As the days went by, the number of players diminished, until the final team was selected. We began to prepare for the beginning of the season with a question in our minds as to the future.

Our opening battle was with Summertown at the George I. Briggs Athletic Center. Combining a fine cheering section with all the normal first-game tension, we were truly up for the contest and defeated the Eagles 60-54. Everyone who played turned in a fine performance and it seemed that we were on our way. The following week, we encountered the Howard Rebels in an afternoon home game, which extended our string to two wins in a low scoring battle which ended 47-34. We next entertained the highly rated Two Rivers Pirates. In a great effort for an upset, we were downed 61-46. Father Ryan, our first opponent away from home, presented the most serious challenge of the young season. The Ryan mentor praised our hustle and desire even though we were defeated 74-49.

FRAN
2
Devils
31
43
GROVE
BA
3

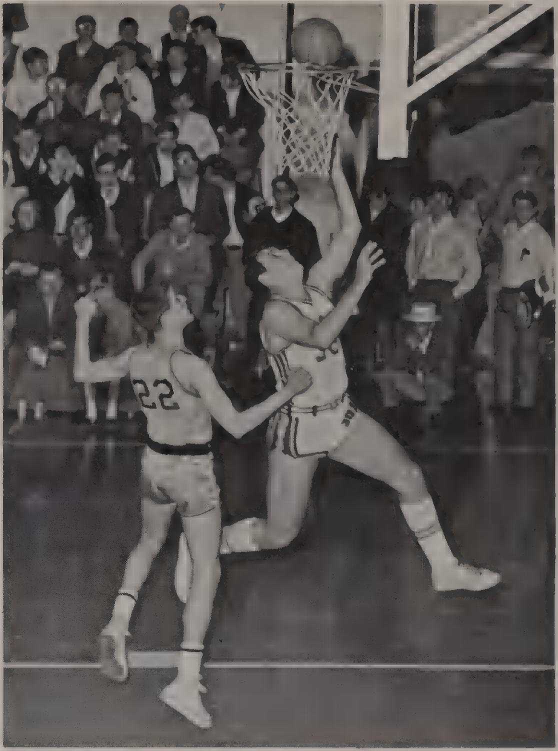
The Cats were fired up for their next encounter with archrival M.B.A. We defeated the Big Red 65-54, with our tremendous accuracy from the foul line. John Anderson led the team with twenty points, eighteen of which came from the charity line. Hume-Fogg and the Petway brothers were next in line, as they routed us 64-44 in a home game. Peabody dealt us another defeat in a close one on the Tigers' court. In the M.T.I.T. at Franklin High, we played Lebanon, the number seven team in the state. They practically ran us out of the gym as we turned in our worst performance to date. After this game, Coach Smith told us of the work ahead and that we should forget the past games.

In preparation for the Franklin battle on January 5, the Cats entered practice with renewed vigor. We entered the game determined to show that we could win. Before a packed house at the B.G.A. gym, the Cats played brilliant defense and led the Rebels at halftime by seven points. Disregarding our usual third quarter slump, we continued to hold our lead and stayed ahead until the final seconds. The final score was 48-46. Tommy Ashcraft and John Anderson dominated the boards with fifteen and eleven rebounds respectively. This was doubtless one of the finest performances put on by a Wildcat team during the entire season. Barring a well played win over Summertown, we played poorly during the next month, losing to M.B.A., Hume-Fogg, Lipscomb, and West. Despite Felix Fly's 29 points and Rick Francis' 18, Clarksville Woodlawn eked out a victory on their home court, 80-75.

THE VARSITY: R. Bennett, J. Witherspoon, T. Ashcraft, J. Anderson, T. Powers, D. Holliday, S. J. Brantley, T. Harper, T. Harwell, F. Fly, R. Francis, Coach Smith, Manager L. Dale.

Coach Smith and his Seniors, John Anderson, Captain Felix Fly, Doug Holliday.

We were flat during the Peabody game, and our performance there was comparable to the earlier Lebanon contest. In a triple-overtime thriller, we were dealt another loss by Lipscomb, as Harwell, Francis, and Holliday hit clutch shots in the stretch. Following this game, we traveled to Howard, where we lost another close one. Murfreesboro came to George I. Briggs Athletic Center with hope of victory. After a brilliantly played first half, we faltered in the second and suffered our fifteenth defeat.

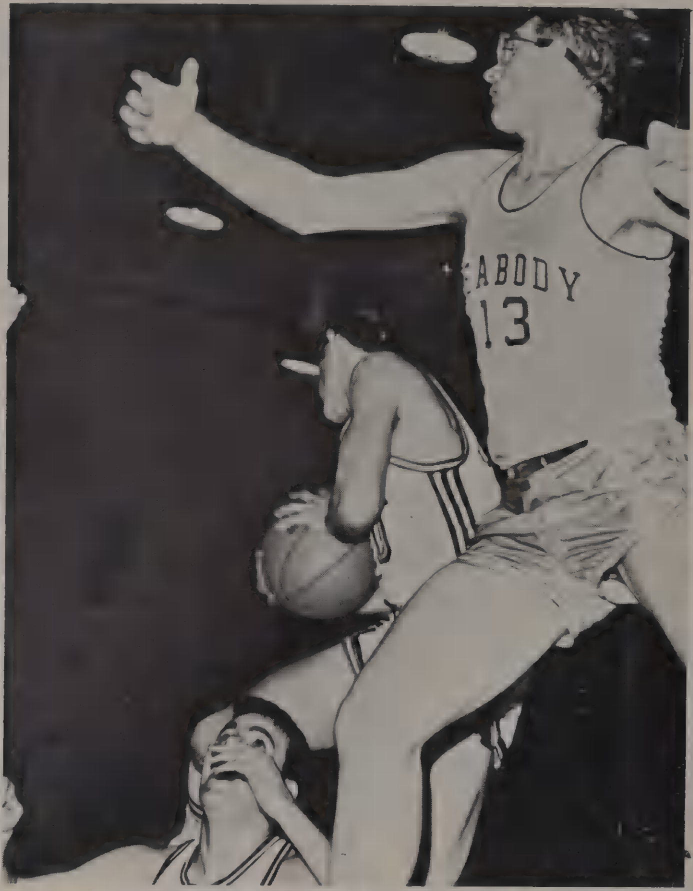


Both teams from Montgomery County, Woodlawn and Clarksville High, invaded our gym for a weekend double-header. Despite Jimmy Witherspoon's twenty-one point effort against Woodlawn and his sixteen against Clarksville, the Montgomery Countians prevailed both nights in close contests. "Fuzz" Bennett kept us in the Clarksville game by hitting four straight baskets in the first half. We closed our regular season with a loss to Two Rivers as the Pirates' run-and-shoot offense simply proved too much.

Tournaments came next and the spirit ran typically high. We drew Fairview for the first round at Franklin High. With the aid of tremendous student body support, we ran out to an early lead. After losing our lead at halftime, we came out the second half ready to play basketball. Behind a thirty point effort by playmaker-captain Felix Fly, we increased our lead to nine points. With ten seconds to go Fly dribbled down the court, through the entire Fairview team. At the final buzzer he hit a spectacular twenty-foot jump shot to make the score 73-62.

Franklin followed in perhaps the biggest challenge for both teams. The taller Rebels took control of the game early and never relinquished their lead. It was perhaps not the best way to end a season, for we had not exhibited as fine a performance as we were capable of showing.

The season was a disappointment to Coach Smith and the team members. The lessons learned during such a season are invaluable throughout life. Since only three seniors were on this year's team next year's will have much more experience. Felix Fly, Doug Holliday, and John Anderson played well during the season and they should be proud of their efforts. Coach Smith also did a fine job with so little material and worked hard to help us improve. We will be looking to great things next year.



BGA
32
42
BG
10
52
30

ATTILE
15
ROUND
Devils
20
ATTILE
15

THE B-TEAM: Manager Stephens, Horn, Dodson, Lewis, Greene, Berry, Smithson, Moore, Coach Reynolds. Earls, Lee, Cook, Howarth, Lanier, Muncy.

Fighting through a tough losing season, Coach Reynolds left several fine prospects for next year's varsity from his B-teamers. The record of wins and losses—six of one and a dozen of the other, respectively—wasn't too bad.

Dick Lewis was the team's top scorer and rebounder. His best game was against Peabody when he scored 34 points. The other starters were forwards Nate Greene and Chris Dodson, and guards Dwight Lanier and Paul Muncy. Rick Howarth, the top reserve, was cited as the top defensive player. The entire team was valuable as a practice opponent for the varsity. The experience these boys gained should be an asset to them on future varsity teams.

THE FROSH: Coach Parsons, Bob Armistead, G. Armistead, H. Moran, Hoover, Thomason, Smith, Hume, Thune, Witherspoon, McDaniel, B. Ross, Bratton, Broderson, Manager, Warfield.

The Freshman Basketball team had a remarkably good season this year amassing a record of 8-3. Coach Parsons, in his first year of coaching, did a fine job with the team. The starting team was composed of Smith, Hoover, Armistead, Broderson, and Thomason. Their only losses were at the hands of Franklin, Clarksville, and Columbia Withorne. They beat each of these teams at one part of the season or another. After making it to the semi-finals of the Middle Tennessee Tournament they lost to Withorne. Bill Smith and Jeff Hoover were elected to the all-tournament team from B.G.A. This team holds great prospects for following years on the basketball court.

Two weeks before the football season was over, Kelly Lish had recruited about fifteen wrestlers for the upcoming season. This year's team had only lost three of last year's men. Veterans like Gene Lovell, Wilson Manning, Kelly Lish, Mike Minor, Russell Little, Allen Anderson, and Robbie Minor were returning. Barry Goodman, David Gardner, Sterling Minor, and Ed Provost stepped in to fill the vacancies left by last year's seniors.

The whole team had new lessons to learn. This year wrestling had undergone revolutionary changes. It was no longer a sport of strength; now skill played an important part. Experience was also a key factor in winning. Gene Lovell, who won perhaps a couple of matches last year, pinned *all* of his opponents in the first round before mid-term exams succeeded in putting him off the active list.

Coach Gentry worked us long, hard hours. "I want winners," he declared. "But to be a winner, you must leave your guts on the mat." That we did.

The season final showed us with an 8-4 won-lost record. We lost several close matches; we won a few of the same. Halfway through the season a gas heater was installed in our practice room. That enabled us to practice and sweat off from three to five pounds in a warm room.

All of these factors paid off when the tournaments rolled around. The N.I.L. Invitational Tourney was the first big chance to prove ourselves. Having lost four grapplers to mid-term exams, we finished in fourth place. The Cats provided two champions in Kelly Lish and Allen Anderson. Russell Little and Robbie Minor won second place berths in their divisions. Barry Goodman placed fourth and Ed Provost third in their respective groups.

Next came the Regional Tournament. We practiced twice as hard for this one. We wanted a good showing for the state. Captain Kelly Lish led the team through extra calisthenics. We wrestled longer on the practice mat. We sweated more. We hurt.

First Row: Goodman, Fisher, Manning, Lish, Sparkman, Clemmons, Lovell, Lester. *Second Row:* C. Haffner, Graham, B. Haffner, Rainey, R. Anderson, Williams, M. Minor, S. Minor. *Top Row:* A. Anderson, Little, Gardner, Provost, R. Minor, Oliver, Roberts, Lucas, Coach Gentry.

Russell Little—138 lb., Regional Champ, Fourth Place State.
Allen Anderson—165 lb., Second Place Region, Third Place State.
Kelly Lish—120 lb., Third Place Region, Team Captain.

That Thursday came around for the weighing in. Charlie Haffner failed to make his weight. This was a bad omen for the team. Recently beaten opponents made a stronger showing than we had expected. After the smoke had cleared, our two N.I.L. champions had been dethroned. Allen was put into second place and Kelly had to fight for third. Russell came through for the lone Regional Championship. The rest of the team had seen their last matches as they lost in the preliminaries and quarter-finals.

Hope was not lost. Although we had only three representatives for State honors, they were all strong contenders. The first round matches showed all three Wildcats still in competition. But the fateful quarter-finals put all three out. Allen and Russell missed the finals by only one point each. Now all three men had to wrestle again to qualify for the consolation finals. Kelly lost—his last match of the season. Allen and Russell won so they each faced one more opponent to end their high school careers. That night, Allen came through to place third among state wrestlers. Russell lost to place fourth. It was over.

Everyone could now eat without fear of being overweight for the match. No more grueling hours of practice. This year's team left only one thing for next year's grapplers: Valuable experience.

THE KEY CLUB: Estes, Lloyd, Lee, Witherspoon, Brantley, Chambers, Brady, Powers, Dodson, Armistead, Gardner, Miles. Holliday, Moran, Martin, Fly, Dudley, Gerth, Austin, Anderson, Stephens, Heflin, Muncy, Benz, Little, Lish.

The Key Club has drawn much praise since its founding here three years ago. This year's president, David Gerth, directed the activities which ranged from concessions at athletic contests to care for needy families at Christmas. The school directories were again compiled; and the local Confederate cemetery was again cleaned by the Seniors, elated with an opportunity to legally skip eighth period study hall. The Club even contributed to school spirit by selling some 250 "Go B.G.A." hats at reduced prices during the basketball tournaments. Certainly this year's Key Club left more to posterity than a fat treasury and a fresh crop of incumbent Junior members.

You have probably noticed the ladders in the upper left corner of this year's group shot. This was no oversight, but actually a very subtle symbol of the work which the Key Club does for us as Battle Ground's only true service organization.

THE OFFICERS: Senior Director Phil Martin, Treasurer John Moran, President David Gerth, Vice-President Russell Little, Secretary Steve Chambers, Junior Director Paul Muncy.

There were several things necessary for Beta Club membership—four or five semester averages above 87, to name the several. And that was not an easy thing to do. It involved daily work—understanding things and trying to learn them rather than reading them. The work brought a reward—a respite from study hall and an opportunity to pick your own conditions for study. Or perhaps talk. Of course, membership was not automatic. It had to be kept up continually by staying on the honor roll. And that was work. Privileges involved responsibilities, as always.

MERIT SCHOLARSHIP FINALISTS: Jud Rogers, Bill Lloyd, and Curt Miles.

THE BETA CLUB—*Front Row:* Dudley, Brady, Gardner, Muncy, Lee, Fly, Gerth, Little, Miles, Rogers, Chambers, Goodman, Uthman. *Back Row:* Berry, Witherspoon, Berry, Katzoff, D. Early, Ashcraft, Holliday, Lewis, Muntz, S. Early, Estes, Miner, Milam, Ormes.

For ten members of Mrs. Duke's speech class, the annual trip to the Barkley Forum involved three paid nights in Atlanta, the Southern Babylon. They were also given a chance to win recognition for themselves and the school in various events. These included debate, extemporaneous speaking, prose and poetry interpretation, and original oratory. Steve Horrell and Bill Lloyd placed first among the private schools in debate. The Sophomore debate team, composed of Jack Howser and Jim Livingstone, finished with a respectable 3-3 record, while Mark Faircloth gained recognition for his readings of Eliot. Battle Ground's two extemporaneous speakers, Tommy Lawrence and Glenn Osborne, did well in their events. Glenn gained a place in the semifinals while Tommy made it all the way to the finals.

Late nights were the rule after each day of competition. Mrs. Duke always saw that the boys never overslept. Her voice over the telephone was an unwelcome rouser every morning. Sunday morning, Mrs. Duke had the Emory team off with the sun.

BARKLEY FORUM—*Sitting, Left to Right:* Glenn Osborne, Mark Scantlebury, Tommy Lawrence, Mark Faircloth, Steve Glenn, Bill Lloyd. *Standing, Left to Right:* Robert Atwood, Jud Rogers, Steve Horrell, Jack Howser, Jim Livingstone.

THE SWIMMING TEAM—*Front Row, Left to Right:* Anderson, Allen, Mayer, Wauford, Lawrie. *Second Row:* Scantlebury, Rogers, Folsom, Sutherland, Ramsey.

The swimming team showed quite a bit of improvement this year. We still managed to keep our record clean—no victories since the team began in the fall of 1965. But our record was a little misleading. We lost this year, but our margins of defeat were smaller. We lost, but we lost by fewer points than we used to. We lost.

The team had two bright spots: Sam Wauford and the four-hundred yard freestyle relay team. The former promised great things in future years, while the latter did well this year. They won the event in all their dual meets and brought home a fourth-place finish from the State Meet at Knoxville. Ramsey, Broderick, Sutherland, and Folsom were the people who swam this event, while Mark Scantlebury showed ability in the breaststroke.

Practice was not unendurable. The first fifty or a hundred yards you swam were good. You were fast and felt that way as you took the turns with a long underwater glide. Afterwards, it began to hurt as each race drained you. The water that was fairly smooth at the beginning turned rough and slapped against the walls. Perhaps you would swallow a big wave on the third lap of a sprint and sputter around until you had recovered. When practice was over, Coach Reynolds would give a sharp whistle that was loud enough for those in the water to hear. The last sprint that every swimmer had in practice was the run through the icy corridor that went by the wrestling room.

Most boarding students subscribe to the theory that there is little beauty in Franklin, Tennessee, between November and the middle of March. Winter at Battle Ground made you love summer. Everything died but the flies, the students, and the man on duty. Every morning your window would show you the brown grass and the white buildings. Your breakfast jam was either Smuckers or United Institutional Distributers and your toast was hard. After you cleaned your room it still seemed dirty. The dust was capable of reproduction. Countless details like these made life difficult, so amusements had to be found. Mr. Peel's gearshift knob was kidnapped and held for ransom. Mr. Redick was surprised to hear what sounded like a bowling ball roll down the length of the second floor in the new dorm as he was eating dinner below one night in January. There was ice skating on funky Everbright right before exams. One fellow was knocked cold and several others were incapacitated, since the ice was rather slippery.

The ping-pong tables that were brought in towards the end of February helped matters some. Then there were the timeless tricks. Say you had a weekend leave and your roommate had to stay Friday night. You could borrow three or four alarm clocks, put them on your dresser, and set each one to go off fifteen minutes apart, beginning at one o'clock in the morning. Fiendish, eh? Then there were the usual weapons of dorm warfare. Shaving cream was a big favorite, although it was hardly accurate at long distances. Effective as a terror weapon was the simple can of Right-Guard which could be turned into a flamethrower. All you needed was a cigarette lighter. And then there was that unspeakable evil, card-playing. If you really got bored in spite of all these amusements, there was always the chance to skip campus. So onward, Briggs House, Old Dorm, and Coverdale Hall! Through December into February and beyond! Continue to incubate the leaders of tomorrow in your vast white confines!

Occasionally we were rewarded for our menial labors with musical entertainment in assembly. Besides Ramsey. The first came in early December when the Harpeth Hall Glee Club presented its Christmas program. The previous year we had been very boorish in our standing ovations, whistles, and catcalls following every song. The singers had been noticeably embarrassed; so this year we resolved to be a more sophisticated audience. We overdid it a bit, though, and refused to applaud at all. The already frightened girls were bewildered by our seemingly apathetic acceptance. Finally, after "Calypso Noel," the fifth song, Mr. Redick and Mr. Akin started an applause in the rear that moved slowly forward until the entire student body was clapping. The girls responded with their best song, "Sleigh Ride," and left.

February came and with it the famous Grand Ole Opry. Early in the month Coach Bobby Gentry arranged the performance of Sam McGee, one of the finest flattop Country and Western pickers in the business. Mr. McGee was one of the oldest performers on the Opry at that time. His adaptations of pop and folk songs ("Yackity-Sax," "Blowing in the Wind") were good, but he was best on songs from his own field. His fingers moved freely over the frets as he played song after song at our insistence.

Huffman didn't even know Archie Campbell when he called the comedian-singer to talk in assembly. But Mr. Campbell agreed to come. His nasal tones pervaded the study hall as he told of his train ride to Battle Ground from Knoxville (he lived just outside of Franklin). After his fractured fairy tale, "Rindercella," he called for help from our audience. We forwarded Jerry "The Chicken" Church to back Mr. Campbell up on "The Cockfight"; and, of course, Jerry stole the show. Mr. Campbell finished by singing "Scarlet Ribbons," seriously. He praised us as an audience, and we reciprocated with one of our few standing ovations of the year. After all, it was a good assembly program.

WE DON'T
LIKE YOU
EITHER
MR. REDIC
DRAFT
A.J.
DICK
BATTLE G
IS
FUN

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Redick? I'm President of the Honor Council."

"Battle Ground will become a real battle ground before it becomes a boogie ground!"

". . . and remember, boys, we don't discriminate. I don't care if he's Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, the Negro is equally low!"

Preparations for the Senior Play started early. As much as four days before the actual performance the "actors" were starting to practice. Of course, Jud was responsible for the script, fifty-percent of which he wrote in one weekend. From the literary critics' standpoint, it was a masterpiece. The "isosceles triangle" development of the plot caused many script-readers to compare the play to Shakespeare's great *Macbeth*. Unlike Shakespeare, though, Jud lacked the great actors and the appreciative audiences of the Elizabethan Age; thus, the resulting post-performance judgment: "It was a good play, but not a *great* play."

The jocularity began with a comparison of the

"Mr. Redick, I don't remember any rule like that."

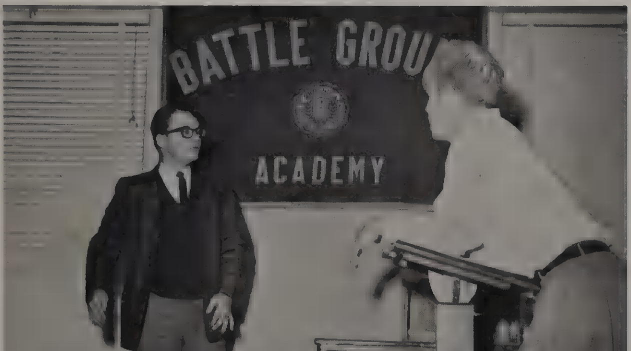
BATTLE GROUND

"Mr. Redick, why was the French Revolution so bloody?"

U. S. History classes. The plot seemed to drag during the "comparison tests," but this ended with Federal Marshal Eddie Harris' delivery of the incitement of the play: a U. S. Court Order to integrate B.G.A. From here the action increased sharply through the Student-body and faculty meetings. When Mr. Redick (Steve Chambers) cast the deciding vote to keep B.G.A. segregated, bloodshed appeared inevitable.

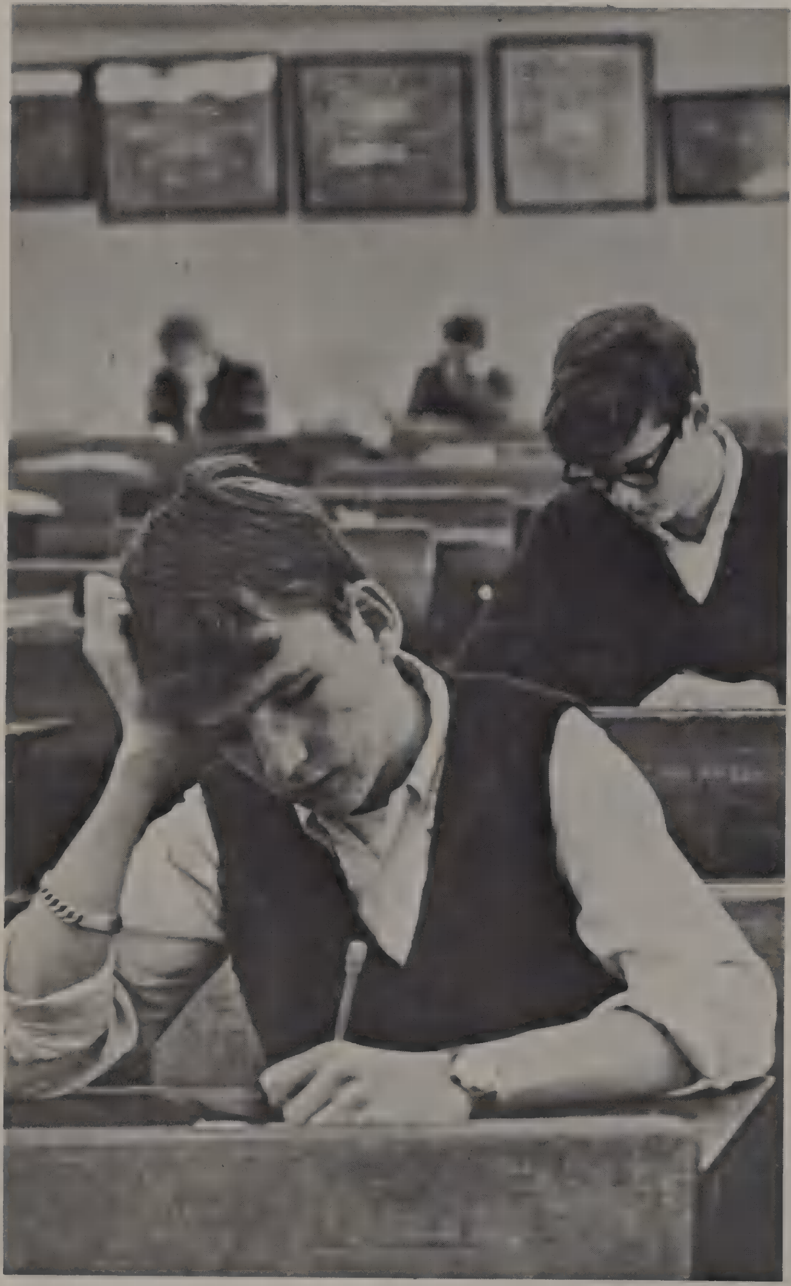
The genius of Jud at this point should have become evident to everyone as he maneuvered the opposing forces against each other and finally achieved a denouement in which the entire faculty was killed, the "againsts" by the "poison 'possum pie," and the "fors" by the guns of the confused Federal Marshal. The action then fell off sharply as the Seniors found themselves in Hell, which closely resembled B.G.A. They were then tortured by the various classes of the school. The original ending saw Ramsey being pushed out the window by the irate Mr. Smithson (John Turner); however, the second-story placement of the stage made this impractical. Thus, Bill was forced to improvise his own surprise ending, which he did admirably by ramming his knee through the front window. Unfortunately, the genius of our own playwright, Jud Rogers, was soon forgotten as everyone left for the Christmas holidays.

"Yes, integrate it. That will give me more students to hate!"



"There's only one thing to do, and that's flip a coin!"

BATTLE GROU



Semester examinations. Ah, yes. Days of reckoning, when the sheep were separated from the goats. Each week had a special name. The first one was known as the Mid-term. The second week, which came in late May, was the Final Exam week. It was softened by the green and balmy days, but the danger was still there.

Going back to the Mid-term Exams, we remember that the snow fell three days before they were to start. The snow opened possibilities for the boarders. Suppose it continued to snow and the roads would be blocked Monday? And Tuesday? Conditions would be so bad that even McGee and Bradshaw would not dare to make the run, let alone Steve Chambers. So the boarders would be able to take their exams while the day boys would be stranded in Nashville. Then, the boarders would enjoy a holiday for part of the next week while the others made up their exams. Those plans came to naught as the buses and day students braved the roads Monday.

The ways people took the tests were interesting. Some set to work immediately, scribbling wildly and not looking up. Others would begin with a massive yawn. After this they would look at the ceiling and smile or shut their eyes. Another yawn and they would start. It was a short test, and there was plenty of time to take it. Sometimes it was almost boring.

On the other hand we had the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. During the fall this group invited everyone in the student body to join its ranks. As usual, an unusually large number of boys filed out the back door to see what this F.C.A. was all about. In previous years, many had returned to assembly; but this year not so many retraced their paths to the seats of the study hall. They found that our F.C.A. had grown and matured in its four years at Battle Ground. They stayed.

The F.C.A. was divided into "huddle groups." Each group had an older student in control. Then topics were discussed. Serious topics. God. Christ. Life. Death. Immortality. Things that were hidden were uncovered as each individual examined himself. Conclusions were drawn. Understandings were developed. Those who stayed found their twenty minutes well-spent. Most were able to transfer their learnings into their day-to-day lives and influence sounder relationships among others. This way, the F.C.A. benefited the entire student body.

OFFICERS OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTIAN ATHLETES: Paul Muncy, Joe Lester, Steve Chambers, David Gerth.

Student Body President Felix Fly, Sponsor W. P. Redick

Many clubs and organizations held meetings with some degree of regularity. The Honor Council was not like this. The members met only as the occasion required, but they seldom lacked occasions. Of course, they had to be needed. You see, many times situations arose which were not of sufficient gravity to engage the interests of the members. On occasions like these, the Discipline Committee, a supplementary organization, took over.

Much deliberation was given to the selection of Council members, who had to possess abilities in many fields. Petty considerations could not interfere when the time to vote came; and, by a unique arrangement, the Constitution of the Council provided for a wide field of candidates representing both the wishes of the students and the demands of the faculty. This group of young men dispensed fine justice during the nine months that they held office at Battle Ground.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL—Estes, Lester, Anderson, President Fly, Martin, Vice-President Chambers, Mr. Redick.

Saturday morning on campus. Not where you wanted to be. Opportunities for working off demerits were plentiful. The supply of dead leaves in the front yard of the Briggs house was inexhaustible. Boys working there every weekend from November to March hardly made a dent in the reserve. The cold weather often made washing cars out of the question. So the teachers had dirty autos and you had to find another job.

There were more holidays in the winter. They made the time better. The two weeks at Christmas were best when you were waiting for them to come and when you remembered them afterward. They were too short. Every day you would figure how many days were left. You fixed the halfway mark and estimated the time when the holidays would be three-fourths over. But you had to return.

Blue jeans made an appearance in force in the beginning of the calendar year. They were best with cowboy boots, and the snow and ice served as a convenient excuse for both. The faculty was quick to act on such abuses. But something was coming. The sky was redder in the evening, and it wasn't as dark when you came out of the gym after practice was over. The shack boys were standing outside in the air now, and the red points of the cigarettes followed the gestures they made with their hands.

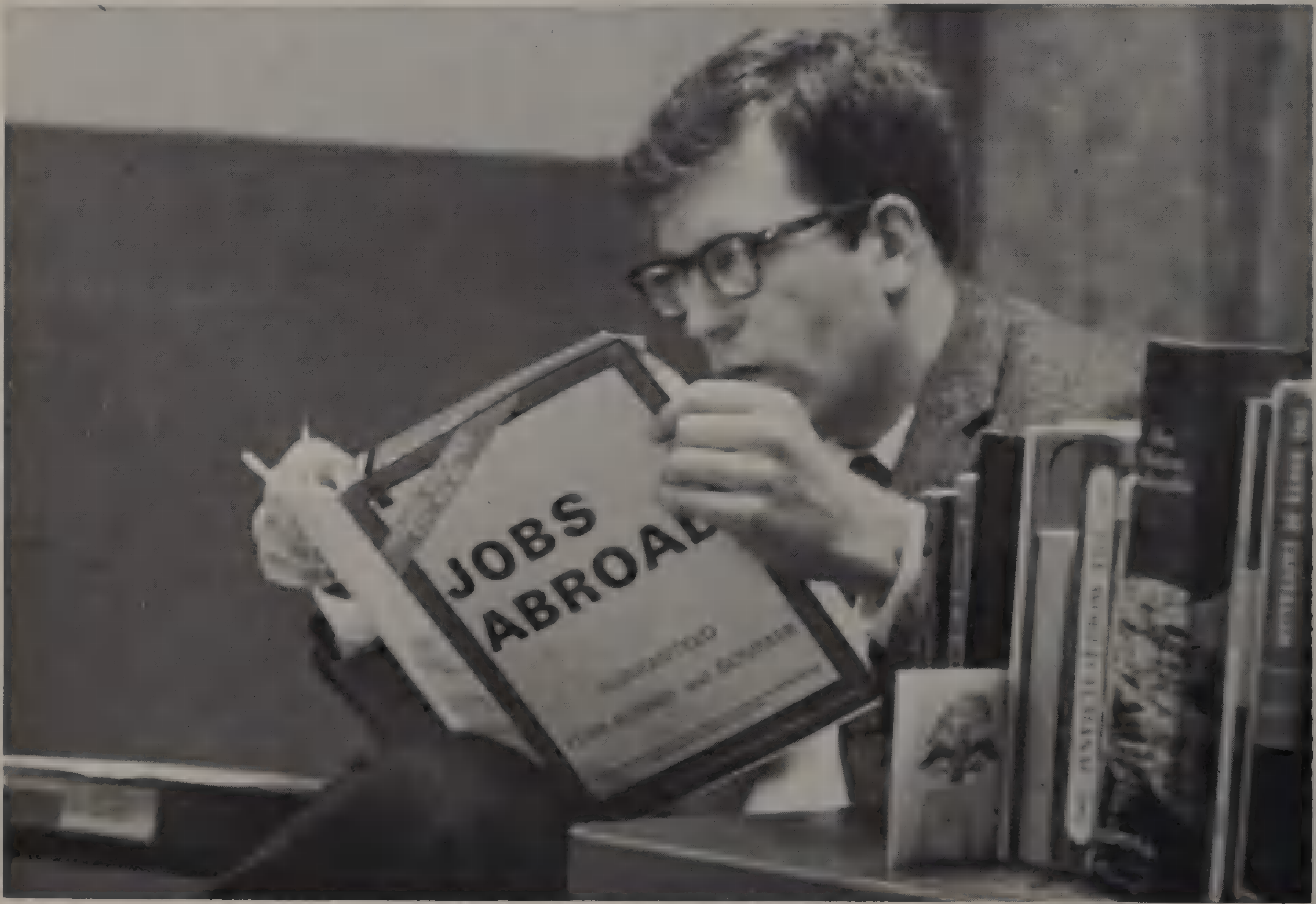
It was a long time in coming, that last and best part of our year. The days lengthened, but the time grew short for many of us. Spring vacation gave us a short breathing space before we began the last two months. The days were seldom very hot, although the sun was always there. Dew lay heavy in the morning and breezes would sometimes chill in the middle of the afternoon. Toward the last weeks, the heat stilled the air and the locusts sang all night.

The maples on the front lawn held multitudes of inchworms. One of them might have landed on your head as you passed under the branches. People stayed outside after lunch instead of going up into the study hall. There was occasional banter and persecution of urchins, but it was not as wild as it had been in other years. Hamilton still made them laugh, and business in the commissary prospered as Mr. Bradshaw and others handled long lines with great speed.

Every day, the trackmen would be out and whoever put the shot would always climax his effort with a stupendous groan. It was a little more interesting to watch Coach Smith and his baseball players. If you had nothing to do, you could always lie back on the bleachers and take it all in—the long outfield flies, the practice double play situations, and the raucous infield talk, which was occasionally punctuated with the crack of ball on bat. If you grew tired of that, there was the sky to watch. It was easy to sleep in those days; no one seemed too hurried. Even the tennis players across the street did not look rushed. It all seemed very relaxed. The white uniforms on the green surface with the ball arching back and forth, back and forth—until it ran into the net.

Things changed hands in May. There were new officers for the honor council. Their names were read out and the boys walked up and we applauded. Dances and parties led up to the last week. Once more, the rope was lowered across the river and half of us felt helpless when we realized that some up front had already fallen in. The exams followed.

It was hot in the gym that Saturday morning. People in the stands undid their collars and fanned themselves with the programs. After the speech, the ceremonies followed. Then, the long line marched to the flagpole. The seniors arranged themselves around the boxwood. They prayed and they sang the Alma Mater. They talked for a while, and then it was over.



Baseball at Battle Ground was practiced and played across the road from the tennis courts. A low hedge was planted at the edge of the road.

From there, the ground sloped sharply until it reached the level of the playing field. A section of gray bleachers was stationed on the left side of the wire backstop. Every afternoon in spring, Coach Smith would be out on the basepaths with his tractor. He drove around them like a madman, taking the treacherous ninety-degree turns at first, second, third, and home with reckless daring, leaving a cloud of choking brown dust behind him. At the same time, all the players would jog around the field, bouncing up and down. Some eager-beaver would lead the pack; Buzz Hamilton would bring up the rear guard and chat with any urchin that happened to be watching. The real business of practice came after the jogging. Infield and outfield fielded balls from Coach Smith's bat, and then scrimmage followed.

Baseball action was not continuous. It came in short bursts. Most of the time, nothing really happened. The pitcher was either getting ready or recovering. All expectations centered around the plate. The action could start when the bat, Hillerich and Bradsby perhaps, met the baseball in an attempt to put it within the angle defined by the first and third base lines but out of the reach of the eight movable obstacles which could impede its progress. In other words, get a hit.

Endurance was not the important factor in baseball as it was in wrestling, track, swimming, or even basketball. With the exception of the pitcher and catcher, the players spent most of their time waiting for a situation to develop, if they were in the field. At bat, they waited for the ball to come so they could create a situation that would give the other teams something to worry about .

THE BASEBALL TEAM: Coach Smith, Chambers, Greene, Powers, Smith, Hamilton, Muncy, Hedden, Manager Beesley. Manager Green, Ross, Fly, Bennett, Roberts, Gerth, Lykins, Manager Gant.

With the waiting came tension. There was the windup, the leadoff taken by the first base runner, and then the hit. The loudest noise in the sport was that solid convincing crack as the direction of the ball was abruptly reversed. A line drive, a centerfield fly, or a vicious, chopping grounder—here was where the game became intense and exciting. Here was where it demanded quickness, skill and a certain amount of courage.

Not many returned from the 1967 team; the ones who did, however, were standouts. Hedden, Hamilton, Fly, Gerth, and Roberts all helped the team considerably. Practice was not drudgery and hard work; it was joking, clowning, and playing catch. Hamilton, Chambers, and Powers provided more than their shares of the first two; and everybody participated in the latter, of course.

The hitting should have been better than it was the previous year. Chambers, Hedden, Hamilton, and Greene were all excellent with a bat, although they sometimes didn't show it. Fielding errors were made and they had to be shaken off and overcome. Hamilton, Powers, and Greene gave a good showing on the mound, and Hedden seemed to catch everything that passed the batter. Fly and Chambers were defensive standouts and kept the right side of the infield tight.

The rains came too often this year; several games had to be rescheduled or dropped completely. This did not give the team any extra practice days since they couldn't practice in the rain, either. Coach Smith was hard-pressed to get the team ready, and it was shown by the team's slow start.

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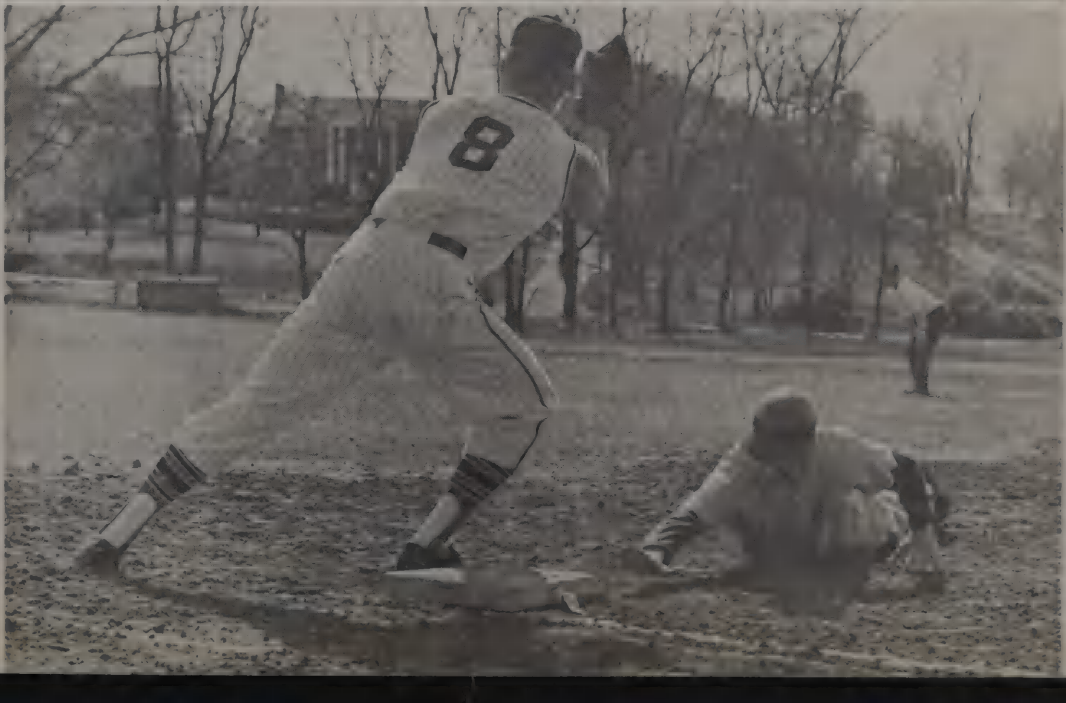
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Tennis was a sport controlled and precise. The white tracks on the green courts served as exact boundaries which had to be observed. The atmosphere surrounding the game was low-keyed and relaxed. No cheers or clapping from the spectators; they were content to watch and enjoy the game. The players did not appear strained, at least during the first few minutes of each match. Instead, they seemed to enjoy playing, if the calm and intense concentration on their faces was any indication of how they felt.

Tennis was a game of sounds and movements. Players would talk occasionally, but the ball accounted for most of the noise. There was the short, springy thud of the ball as the racket changed its direction in a serve or return. The hollow plop when it bounced off the court surface. The short rattle of the wire mesh when a ball had been returned too hard and too far.

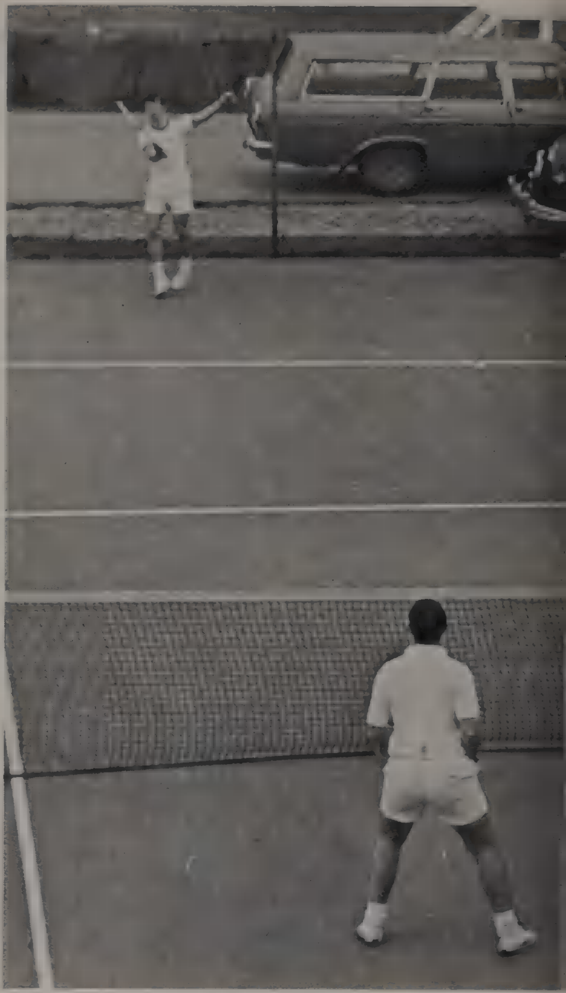
The motion was there, too. It was constant and quick. White uniforms and the people inside them shifted up, back, right, left, slowly, quickly. . . . But the best players made it look effortless and even fun. Of all the sports at Battle Ground, it was the one most like a game.

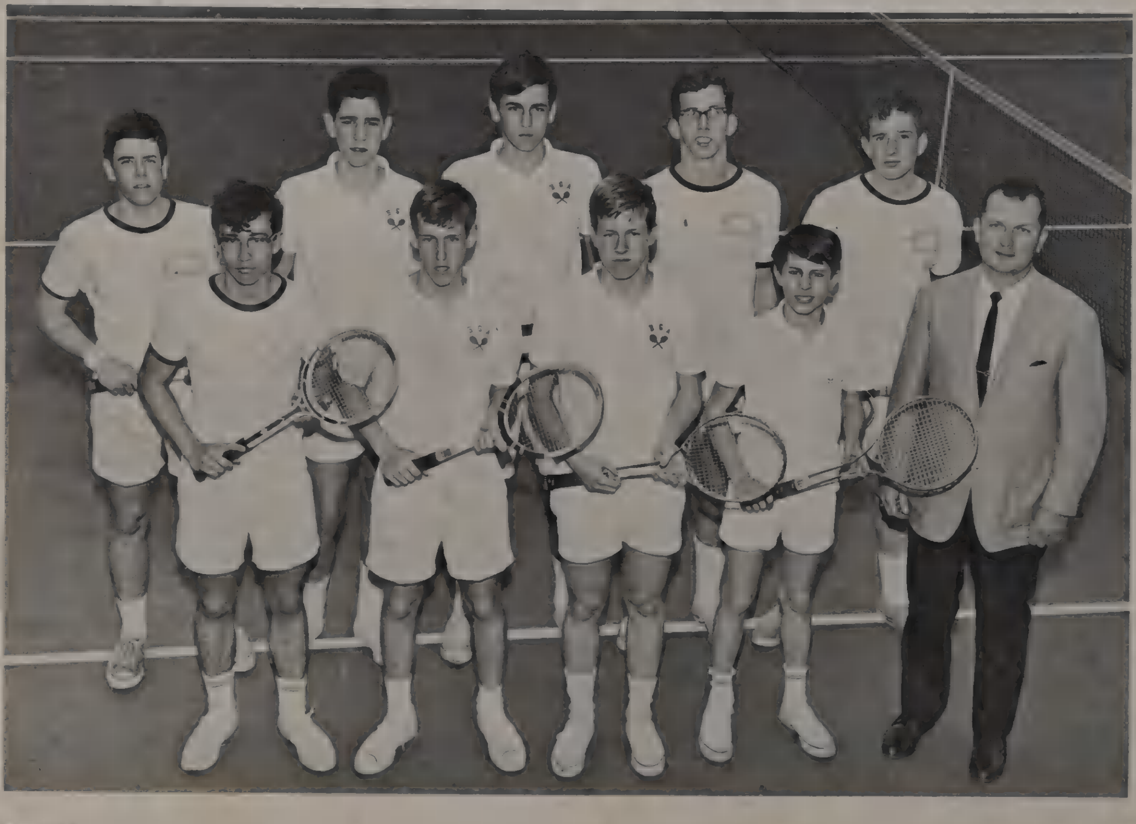
More than that, tennis was a game of individuals. The team's leading individual was Teddy Lee. Behind him, in the second and third positions, were Dick Lewis and Rick Francis, both juniors and both third year men. Eighth grader Sammy Duke occupied the number four spot and junior Steve Horn was ranked fifth. The ranking was not a constant thing, for matches were held to determine rank every so often. The team this year could boast both experience and strength. Two losses came early from M.B.A., but defeats were handed to Lipscomb and C.M.A. A winning record was expected.

Tennis doubles involved more team action. The leading doubles team was composed of Lee and Duke. Francis and Lewis formed B.G.A.'s second doubles group.

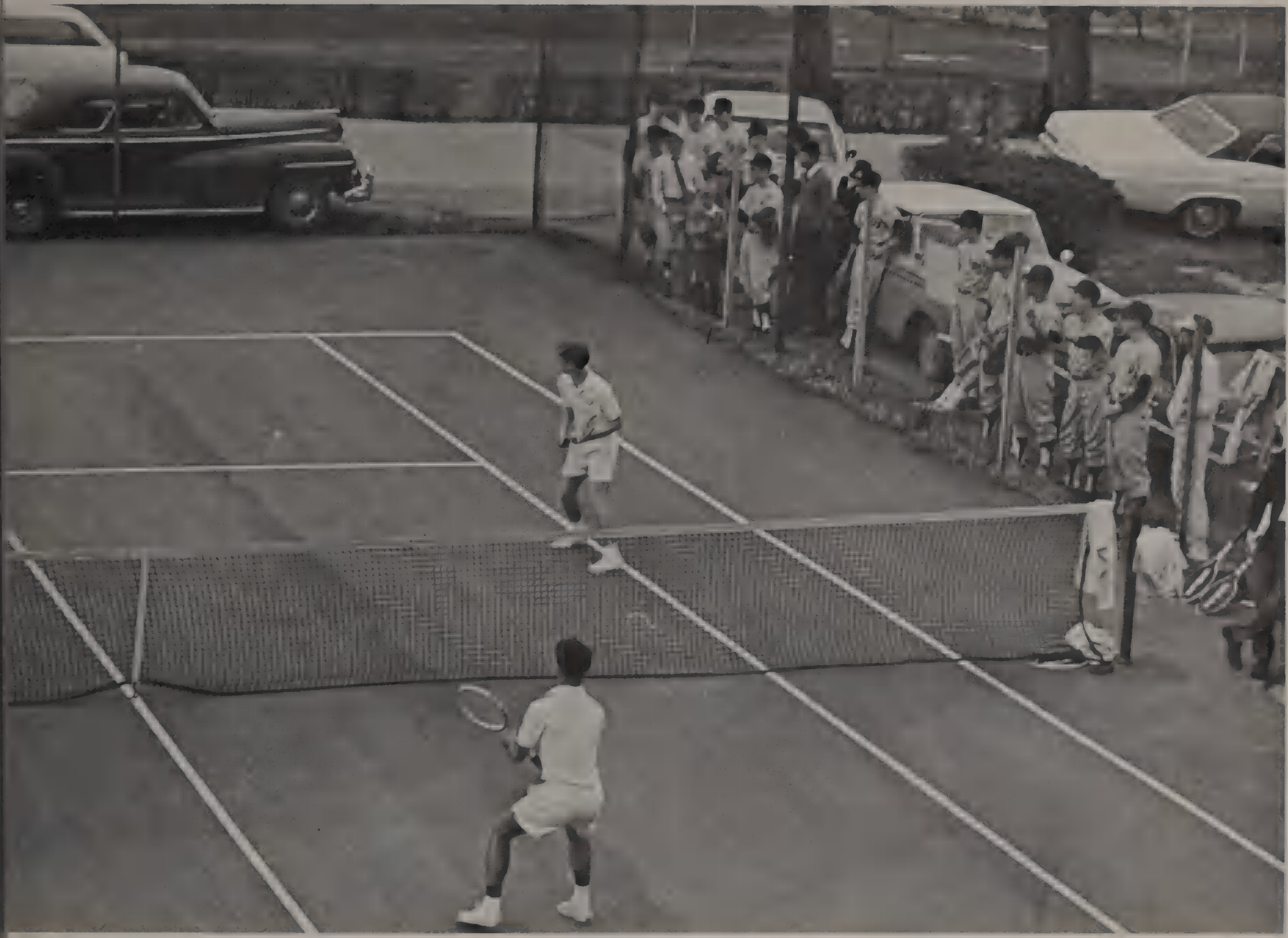
As a group, the team was informal. Practice was left up to the individual. The only time all players were together was when they had a match with another school. The Chattanooga trip and match with Brainerd was regarded as the season highlight by team members.

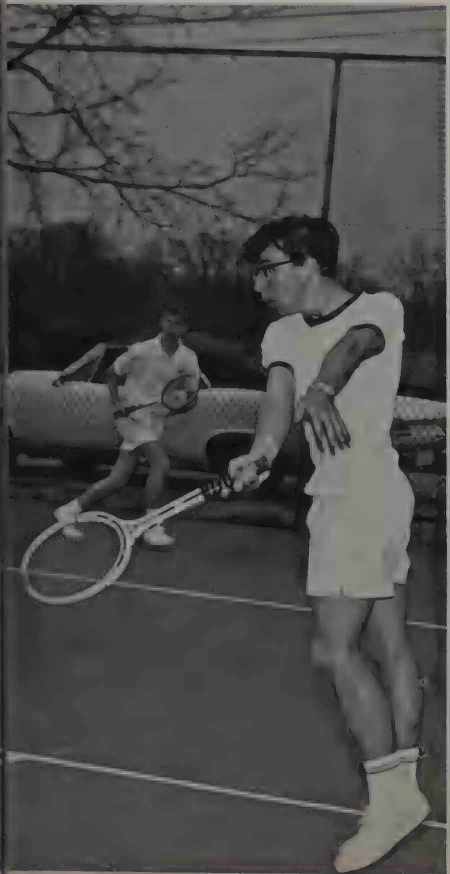
Lastly, there was Coach Bradshaw, always on the sidelines, silent and watchful under the afternoon sun.

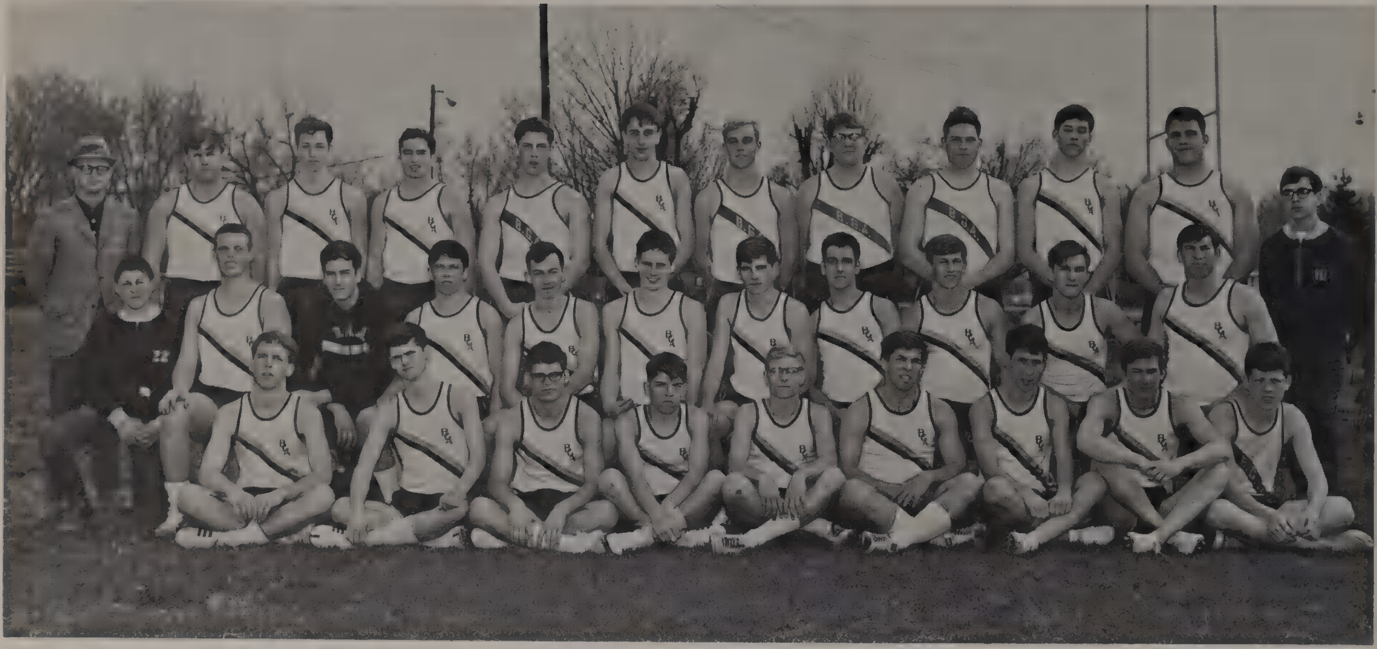




THE TENNIS TEAM—*Back Row:* Horn, G. Armistead, Lewis, Ross, D. Berry. *Front Row:* T. Lee, Duke, Francis, Bram Neil, Mr. Bradshaw.







THE TRACK TEAM—*First Row:* J. Lee, Livingstone, S. Minor, M. Minor, Muncy, Blackburn, Williams, Hollins, Haffner. *Second Row:* Wright, Mgr., A. Gentry, Miles, Benz, Lanier, McGinnis, Harwell, McLeod, A. Anderson, Thompson, Mitchell, Dryden, Mgr. *Third Row:* Coach Wright, Cooper, Harper, Armistead, Greene, Brantley, Hoover, Smithson, Peercy, M. Faircloth, J. Moran.

Track was almost all running. Of course, there were things to throw, like the shot and discus. The jumping events were there too. They tested how far or high you could jump.

But the one quality predominant in track was endurance. After the first 440 there were so many more. And they all had to be run. Hard.

The circumference of the track was hardly uniform as far as surroundings went. As a runner took the far curve down by the school, he would successively be greeted by the shack boys, the ping-pong buffs in the commissary waiting for a vacant table, and the sound of tennis balls passing from one side of the court to the other. Down at the other end, the runner would pass the shot and discus men. Rest followed, but it was too little for the next race.

If we can remember correctly, golf started in St. Andrews, Scotland. Somewhere around there, anyhow. Since the time of its creation, it has spread into other areas. Even Middle Tennessee. So it was that Mr. Parsons took charge of the golf team this year. There were quite a few new faces. In fact, Josh Huffman and Dewees Berry were the only team members who had played last spring. Fred Faircloth and Mike Glasgow headed the senior contingent, while Jimmy Witherspoon was the third junior on the team. Mays Hume and Stewart Bronaugh completed the list of golfers.

These boys really had to sacrifice for their privilege of representing Battle Ground on the links. We can see them now—and so can you, dear reader—tramping from green to green in that vile sunshine and fresh air, carrying those golf bags, taking the numbered flags out of the holes, laughing, talking. . . . And this was while the rest of us were luxuriating in our classrooms in the afternoon. Of course, we couldn't shoot in the low eighties, either.

THE GOLF TEAM: Huffman, Witherspoon, Berry, Hume, Bronaugh, Glasgow, Faircloth (not pictured).

"Let him alone, Jorgson . . . the poor kid . . . he's frightened."

"What I order you to do . . . you'll do."

"I don't like you."

The lights were turned off as we prepared ourselves for H. S. Cottman and Le Vergne Shaw's "Submerged." Low at first and then gaining in volume was the shrill, penetrating, intermittent muffled whistle that one associates with submarines. Then a crimson spotlight slightly to the right of the stage grew in intensity until the interior of a submarine and three of its occupants were clearly in view. "You know, before this happened I'd never minded the thought of dying," said Dunn, the lover (Felix Fly). This opening line established death and somber thoughts of death as the mood. We learned from the dialogue that the vessel had frequented some disaster and had settled to the ocean floor. There the men awaited their rescue or doom. Yet, we didn't actually know what an impasse the crew was facing until the periscope fell from its overhead support. *Then* we knew they were in trouble.

The commander, MacAndrews (Tommy Lawrence), entered and ordered his men to propel him through the torpedo tube. It seemed that his body would rise to the surface and show the rescue ships the site of the sunken vessel. The men refused to allow their commander's certain death. Instead, Dunn, Shaw, the dreamer (Steve Hicks), and Nabb, the cockney (Frank Wade), volunteered to go. The situation seemed hopeless until Brice, the coward (Kelly Lish), suggested that they draw cards to see who would die. All the men laid their cards on the table except Brice. Jorgson, the bully (Joe Lester), wrested the card from him and discovered it to be the high one. Brice lost all composure and fell helpless to the deck. Shaw volunteered to go for him. A hope of life was seen at this point, for Shaw's death seemed to portend rescue. The crew naturally shunned the coward and locked him in the control room while they drank "to Shaw." Brice soliloquized for a moment and was pouring himself a drink ". . . to rescue-and to Shaw," when he looked up and saw that the strained plates were breaking. There were cries of agony, then the sound of rushing waters, and suddenly it was over.

Again, spring brought about the resurrection of the ancient rivalry between those two great literary societies, the Greers and the Platos. For more than thirty years these groups had confronted each other in various activities. Mr. Ralph "P.E." Reynolds had recently initiated some of his progressive reforms in the contests, inserting basketball, softball, track, wrestling, and swimming on the competitive agenda. But the main attraction continued to be the famous tug-o-war. It didn't really matter if you won the other events or not, as long as you won the tug-o-war. The winners could sneer at the unfortunate losers and ask how the water felt or how much of the coarse, pebbly, Harpeth River silt they had managed to collect in their shoes while struggling across the muddy stream. The tug-o-war also provided something for almost all of the three thousand spectators: free entertainment for the misers; unique experience for the elite; a fine example of clean-cut young men participating in wholesome activities for Mr. Redick and other concerned adults; a simple test of strength for the sports devotee; a story for the press; general hilarity for the blithe spirits; and even bloodshed for the sadistic.

As you know, we went to press before this great event took place; so, in order that you, the reader, might remember the 1968 tug-o-war in years to come, we included the following paragraph. It can serve a twofold purpose by also showing you how easy it is to write yearbook copy. Merely cross out the incorrect words and fill in the blank spaces, and you have written your own copy.

"On the (beautiful, dismal) afternoon of May —, 1968, the Greers and Platos congregated on opposite banks of the Harpeth River for the annual tug-o-war. The dilapidated school pickup brought the (light brown, rough-grained, grimy) rope from Nashville Bridge Co., and we removed it and situated it over the stream. We lifted the rope and, on the signal from Mr. Redick, began the contest. Each countenance expressed (excruciating pain, deliberate determination, general apathy) as the rope pulled taut as a (steel cable, torture rack, limp clothesline). It was (quite, not much of) a battle, as the mighty (Greers, Platos) eventually gained the edge and began to haul more and more (Greers, Platos) through the (sparkling, revoltingly filthy) waters. The last man finally crossed, and the (Greers, Platos) were victorious for the —th time."

PLATO OFFICERS: Chambers, Campbell, Hamilton, president Rader. GREER OFFICERS: president Anderson, Hicks, Moran.

Best All-Round

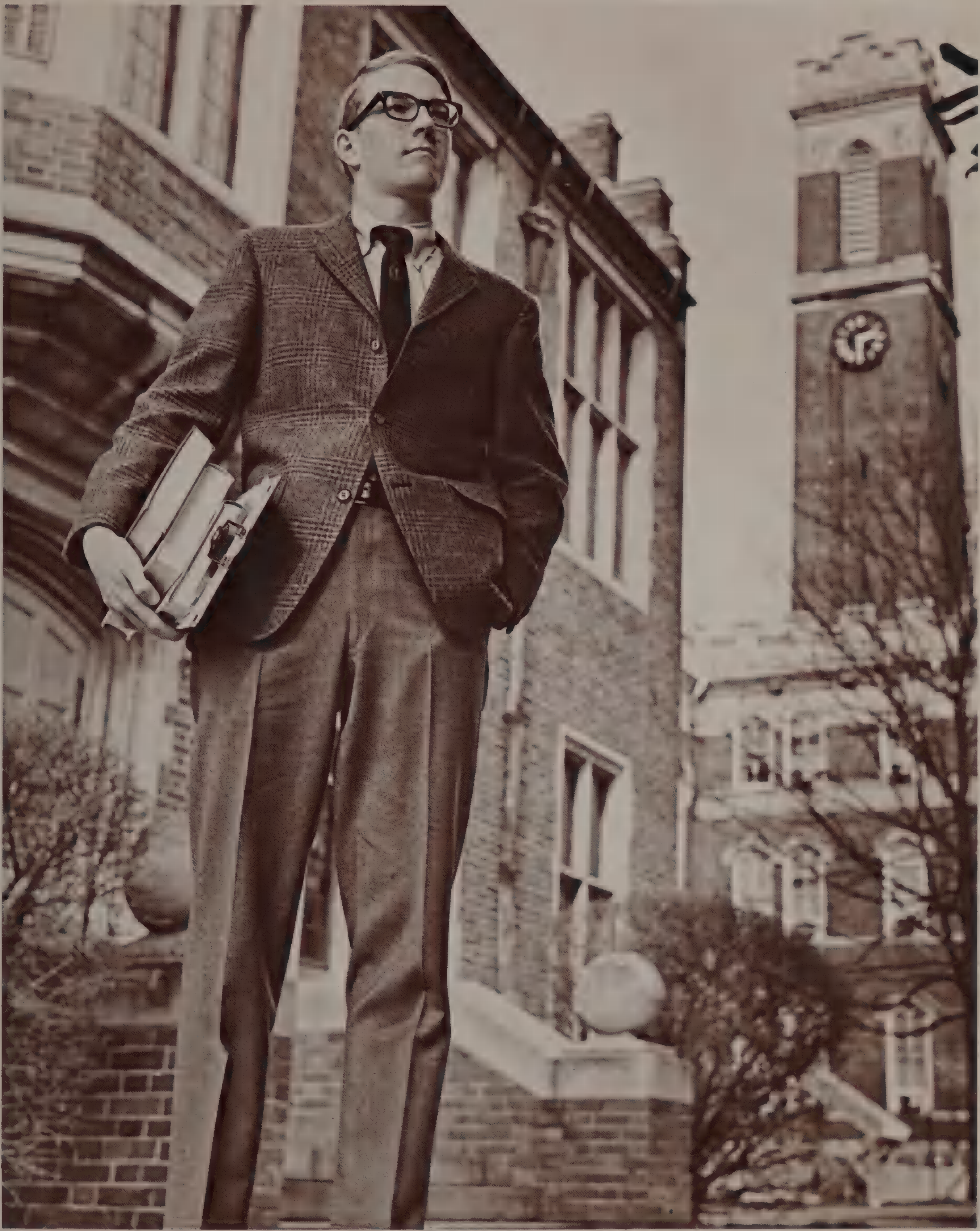
Steve Chambers

Best All-Round

Felix Fly

Most Likely to Succeed

Bob Estes



Most Studious

Jud Rogers

Most Popular

Joe Lester

Most Athletic

Buzz Hamilton

Best Natured

Frank Wade

Wittiest

Bill Ramsey

Bon Vivant

Steve Hicks

THE SENIOR RIDING TEAM—Tommy Magli, Buck Berry, John Ingold, Tommy McLaughlin.

THE INTERMEDIATE RIDING TEAM—Mel McKinnon, Randy Vandernaillen, Reed Garrett, Bootie Berry.

Two years ago, horseback riding was inaugurated as a team sport at Battle Ground. This year's riders were divided into a Senior team (Captain Magli, Ingold, McLaughlin, B. Berry) and an Intermediate team (Captain C. Berry, Garrett, McKinnon, Vandernaillen). The Senior team won consistently against tough area riders and horses in stadium jumping, cross country, horsemanship, and team game events. The Intermediate team did not fare too well in competition, but its members showed determination and desire to represent their school and work for the coming year. Thank you, riding team; thank you, horses.

Business Manager Curt Miles

This annual was a total effort on the part of several persons; but, before we distribute credits, we would like to pass on a few words to persons outside the Battle Ground community who might try to judge this book. The judge who has read up to this point has probably been horrified by several things. First, we have used quotes, literary and otherwise, to give some semblance of a theme. There is no theme like those of the past: "Let Us Be Aware," "Yesteryear and Today," "This is . . . Battle Ground Academy," etc. Actually, our theme has been the year itself. Rather than adapt the year's events to a preplanned layout, we have tried to adapt our layout to the events of the year. Second, we have used no headlines to introduce pages. Annual critics have said that an effective headline encourages the reader to examine the copy. We disagreed, theorizing that a headline

Class Editors
David Heflin and
Hilton Austin

often discourages reading of the copy; we intended that our copy be read. And besides, there was no sense in turning a yearbook into a newspaper. It was the *Wildcat's* job to write headlines. Third, we captioned very few pictures, theorizing here that captions which we thought effective might be quite ineffective to many readers. An uncaptioned picture allows the reader to recall the event as he saw it. He can draw a new idea every time he looks at it. As if this isn't enough, we have probably been marked down for beginning too many sentences with prepositions and subordinating conjunctions. If the judge continues beyond this point, he will be appalled to find, that, again, we have used baby pictures—an unpardonable sin—throughout our ad section. We have done this because our students *like* the baby pictures. And they are the ultimate judges, anyway.

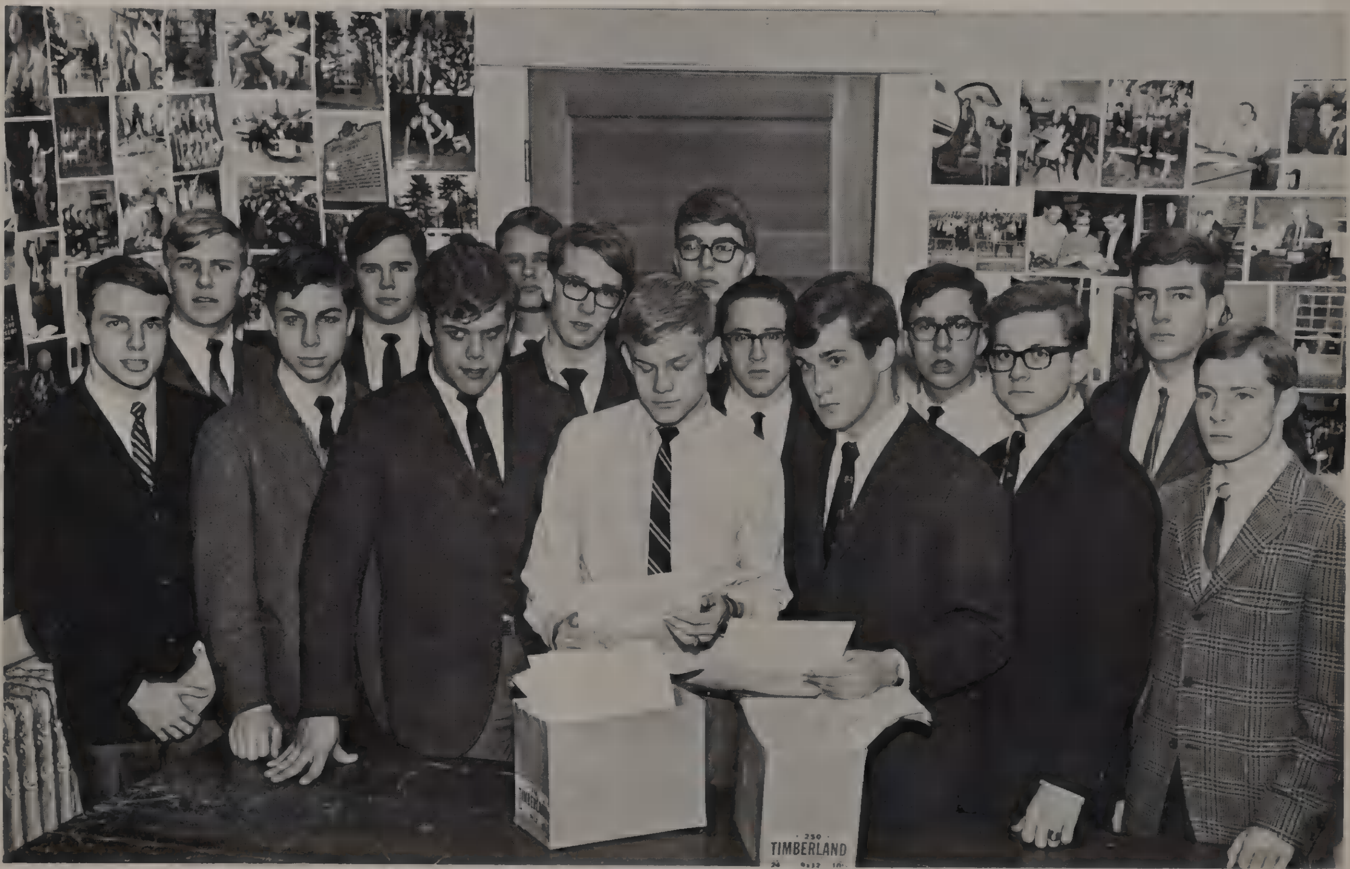
Photographers Ed Uthman, Tom Brady (Chief Photographer), Steve Early.

Assistant Editor Jay Siegrist, Copy Editor Jud Rogers

Mr. Don Patterson was our faculty sponsor. He offered the constructive criticism that was necessary to produce and refine the book. He also steered us clear of potential libel cases. Curt Miles managed the finances, which were shaky at the outset. Curt skillfully balanced the books and billed our advertisers. Tom Brady took and developed most of the pictures. He never missed a football or basketball game, which was much better than most of us. He spent nearly every Saturday in the darkroom, developing pictures of good quality. Jud Rogers wrote the bulk of the copy. Near the deadline he produced fine lines with amazing rapidity. Jay Siegrist had a hand in everything. He captioned most of the baby pictures and typed, edited, and proofread many pages of the book. David Heflin and Hilton Austin compiled the class sections, which assured everyone of at least one picture in the book. Russell Little typed much of the copy and edited parts of the sports pages. Richard Katzoff was the chief flunky. He sorted pictures, proofread pages, warmly pointed out errors, and, along with Curt, laid out the entire ad section. He and Steve Dudley are the editors of the 1969 *Cannon Ball.*

As we have said, we presented the year as we saw it but in a way that, we hoped, might make you, the reader, remember it. If we have embarrassed or angered any of you in our presentation, we now humbly ask your forgiveness. We meant no harm. Without you to make the story, there could have been no yearbook. In this respect, everyone had a hand in the finished product—the *1968 Cannon Ball.*

THE CANNONBALL STAFF—*Left to Right:* Gerth, Siegrist, Katzoff, Stephens, Austin, Dudley, Rogers, Ramsey, Early, Brady, Estes, Kressenburg, Heflin, Miles, Little.



Chief Editors-Bob Estes and Bill Ramsey

Sponsor Don Patterson

As it turned out, we had a short year. But it was measured in long minutes as you waited for the final bell or the end of Mr. Peel's class. It is all gone now, and it is hard to print. First of all, there were the people. The person you remember most when you think about the year was yourself. Your day of triumph; your day of humiliation; and all the other days. The above should not be taken seriously for most of us failed to recognize our victories, and very few would admit to any humiliations. Then there were the others. Most of your classmates were original people. If they were not funny themselves, they would usually laugh, unless Brady told it. A lot of them were your friends; many were anything but that; and most of them will be remembered for a time. Mr. Redick will tell stories about a few. After a while, the urchins will be looking at your composite class picture that will hang on the wall. They will probably think that your son looks like you. Or how pitiful glen plaid coats looked.

But what really "happened" this year was not the events so much as the things you took no notice of—the things you did all the time. What about the track? You ran on it every day for a while there. Your mouth gummed up and it was hard to spit and you were tempted to ease up, maybe, as you ran behind the football stands made out of the famous Breeko Blocks. That was one of Mr. Smithson's favorite labels—to call you a Breeko

down Club. It was Mr. Akin's name for the select group who managed to fail his little daily tests. They would meet in the afternoon in the chemistry lab. That place was a world apart from the rest of the school. First of all, it did not look like a classroom. There were desks, but they were separated into rows by long black-topped tables. On the tables were the sunken basins, the curved spigots with the high pressure sprays, the heavy porcelain catch all bowls, and the gas jets. You could write on the desks, but there were more things to do when Mr. Akin left the room. The water spigots could be turned on—with a thumb under the opening, you could spray everyone else in the room. Did you have a match? Turn on the gas jet and

Block. There were other names—West-Wind, Little Boy, Freddie B. And there were his tests—All or nothing affairs in a race against the clock. "Two minutes left," he would say, and the two minutes would be up in what seemed like thirty seconds and you had another 58. Back to the football stands, made out of Breeko blocks, and the Stratford game. That wind made it so cold that you *had* to cheer, walk around, or do something. Not too many can remember that one, though.

That was another thing hard to remember—the answer to Mr. Bragg's question on the monthly. If you missed it, it was "trivial" and "obscure." Mr. Akin's tests—they were the worst of all in many respects. Penalty for ignorance here was the Sun-

there was a regular flamethrower. Better than Right Guard, even. Mr. Akin was seldom absent long enough for this type of distraction, however. The phone would ring often, and he would have to answer it. The man who drove the Coca-Cola truck would come in on Thursday every week to confer with J. B. This talk was usually good for a few minutes of rest.

Lunch. That was something you ate at school. Sometimes, it was good. No matter what it was like, someone could always say something bad about it. But after a while the jokes about the food grew old and stale and tiring. It was more fun to bedevil the cooks. They took the kidding well, but remained adamant as far as second helpings were concerned.

After lunch, there was always the commissary. Urchins could be persecuted and arguments could be argued. It was the same thing every day. People would stand in groups and talk; someone would chase some one else around; and there was always one brave soul willing to run in the study hall and pound on the library door in an effort to rouse Dr. Green. Coach Cherry would argue with his Geometry classes about U.T. versus Vanderbilt whenever he was not preaching about the "skirts." Remember how it was between classes? There was always a lot of congestion on the second floor landing near the new wing. You had to move quickly to avoid being bumped or run into. And there was always the low ceiling above the stairs that you were careful not to split your skull upon. You always had time to stop and get a drink. Most of the water fountains were fairly decent, but there were a few that couldn't accumulate enough pressure to get the water up. The one in the cafeteria was like that. The white one by the office ("Drink to the Class of 1940") was tricky. If you turned it too hard, you got your face wet. The coolest water was in the one right across from the office. It was good after P.E.

PRETTY DARN SWEET

We can't forget P.E., either. Some of the best things happened in that class. For instance, it would be hard to forget Mr. Reynolds and his self defense course. So many ways to defend yourself against different kinds of attacks. There was a free spirit in every class who would gladly burlesque whatever Mr. Reynolds demonstrated. Coach had other trials, too. The uniform checks and the repeated warnings about having somebody else's tennis shoes bothered few. Our brigandish attitude was shown in the remark of a senior who had just picked up an unguarded P.E. shirt. He said, "How do you like this fellow? He not only steals my shirt but he goes and puts his name in it, too!"

There was another thing which most of us could hardly care about remembering now. It was the work. All the proofs and exercises and themes. They could be put on or put off. Or they could be done. Book open and pencil to paper every day. You didn't want to do it. You were sleepy, or the room was too hot, or you had plenty of time, or you were finding it hard to understand with the radio on. This was what it was all about in the end. Toil with lots of sweat from the brows.

The year ended in May. Another group left after the flag had been saluted and the song sung. The building remained, basking in the heat, with the green leaves of the maples waving around it. The graduation robes were taken off; some of us stopped at the Dairy Queen on our way home.

"Whosoever is
Fundamentally
A Teacher
Takes things . . .
Including himself
. . . seriously
Only as they affect
His Students."

NIETZCHE

The teachers were part of the school, too. It was hard to lump them as a group according to any standard. Each will be remembered for his individual characteristics. There were the English teachers: Mr. Cobb, with his swinging walk and stern look and little black Vanderbilt portfolio; Mr. Byrd, and his chapel announcements that began with "Sophomores!"; Mr. Peel, eternally placid (Of course, this writer never saw him in class) ; and Mr. Bragg, who liked the windows shut and Thirty Days words used.

Mr. Smithson headed the list of math teachers, and he liked the windows open. Mr. B. Gentry did not hestitate to differ with him on some of his methods at breakfast, but Mr. Smithson took it in his stride. Mr. Cherry divided his time between Geometry, the S.E.C., and the infamy of Vanderbilt. Mr. Smith always seemed alert about something—perhaps it was his new "Mister Congruent" nickname. Mr. Wright rivaled Coach Cherry in both stature and hair length. His inquisitive red face was often seen above the collar of a sport jacket with an extremely well-defined plaid pattern. He was perhaps unfairly accused of driving to dinner in the cafeteria from the Briggs House.

Mr. Parsons taught a lot of different things; maybe that is why he always seemed lost in thought, shuffling through the halls with a noticeable stoop.

Mr. Richardson reminded one of a vague benevolent force dispensing invisible blessings. Mr. Leprun, on the other hand, was regarded by many as a satanic force comparable to the Spanish Inquisition or General De Gaulle. Just kidding there, really. Mr. Bradshaw held sway in the other room downstairs, as he expounded on the Constitution and his love affair with the present Supreme Court. Every other day he would wear a sport shirt buttoned at the top and chide Gant for falling asleep.

Mr. Patterson was an interesting character, with his hair carefully slicked down, his narrow feline eyes, and the strangled knots of his ties.

Dr. Green tied enormous knots, and his eyes were always wide—but he never seemed surprised. Sometimes the doctor was a little irascible, although he was hard to arouse. Mr. Wilkinson was the other Latin teacher. Soft, soft, spoken and not given to wild outbursts. Mr. Jimmy Gentry was hearty, but he also conveyed a feeling of intense relaxation.

Mr. Redick's moods showed the effects of a flighty Irish temper, as he alternated between sunny geniality and occasional flare-ups. Here his eyes would flash, his chin would come forward, and his enormous ears would prick up ever so slightly. About this time, the offender would gaze up with an air of innocence. "Me, Sir?"

Mr. Akin was busy all the time, explaining applications of chemistry in Middle Tennessee and charting the school through choppy financial waters by application of diligent economy in all areas. Mr. Akin may have been cautious about coke bottles, but the school was solvent, I think.

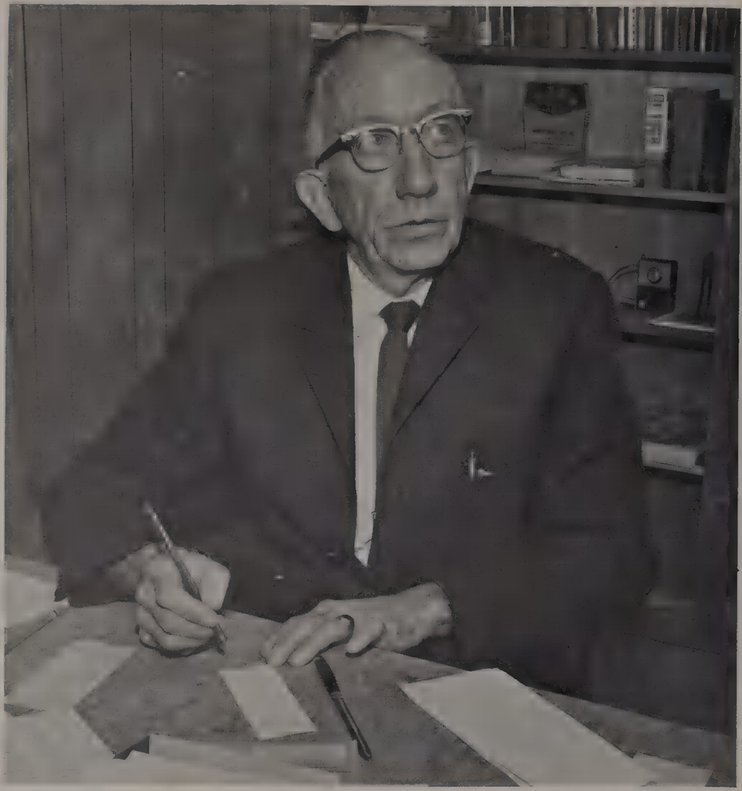
Coach Reynolds closes out our brief review of the men who taught us this year. Always attired in his snappy Battle Ground windbreaker, he worked long hours to show us various methods of jumping rope and fighting dirty.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES— Left to Right: Frank Cole, Howard Johnston, J. S. Coverdale, Allen Steele, Tommy Henderson, Charles Hawkins, Dr. Harry Guffee, Stewart Campbell, Sam Fleming, Glenn Overby. *Absent from picture:* Joe Pinkerton, Tom Lance, Eddy Arnold, W. W. Harlan, Jr., Hubert Wyatt, Henry Goodpasture, Earl Beasley, Dudley Casey, Sr., Frank Gray, Sr., Judge Frank Gray, Jr., William Herbert, Judge Wallace Smith.

Headmaster W. Paul Redick

A.B., Cumberland University; M.A., Peabody College; U. S. History.

Business Manager J. B. Akin
B.S., University of Tennessee; M.S., Middle Tennessee State University; Chemistry; Golf Coach.



CHOOSING A COLLEGE

Assistant Headmaster John A. Bragg
B.A., University of the South, Sewanee; M.A., Middle Tennessee State University; Head of the English Department; English IV.

"I trade with both the living and the dead for the enrichment of our native language."

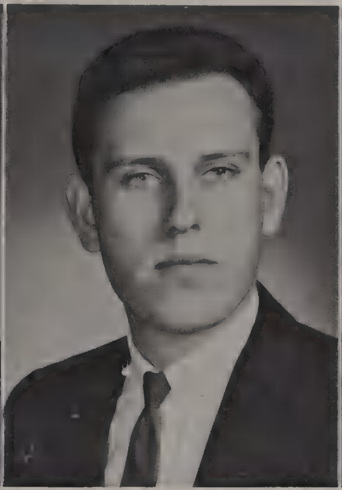
JOHN DRYDEN

JOHN A. BRAGG

B.A., University of the South, Sewanee; M.A., Middle Tennessee State University; Assistant Headmaster; Head of English Dept.; English IV.

JOE C. PEEL

B.A., Vanderbilt University; English III; Coach, Sub-Freshman Basketball.



DAVID BYRD

B.A., Lambuth College; English II; Seventh English; Director of Chorus.

ANTHONY COBB

B.A., Vanderbilt; English I; Key Club Sponsor; *Wildcat* Sponsor; Director of Testing Program.

English

WILLIAM V. PARSONS, JR.

B.A., M.A.T., Vanderbilt University; Eighth Spelling, Civics and English; Seventh Spelling and Word Wealth. Coach, Freshman Basketball.

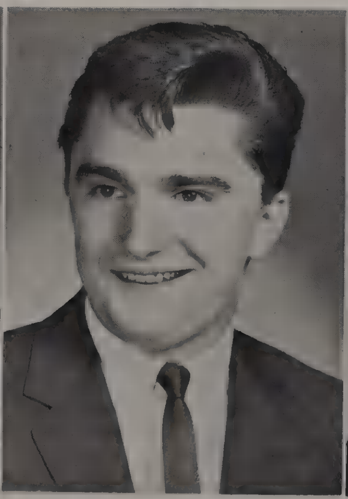
"Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Language

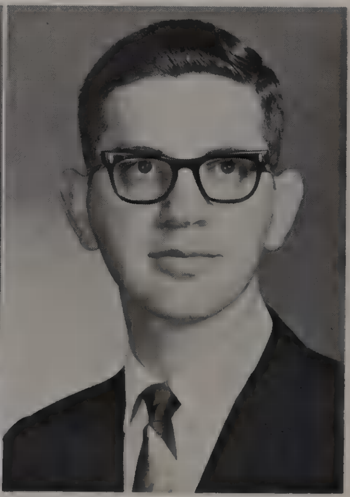
DR. JOSEPH COLEMAN GREEN

B.A., M.A., Ph.D., Vanderbilt University, Peabody College; Emeritus Professor of English, Clemson University, University of South Carolina, Middle Tennessee State University; Latin I.



FRANCOIS ANDRE LEPRUN

Baccalaureate in Science, University of Strasbourg, France; B.A., Vanderbilt University; French; Seventh Grade Geography.



T. H. WILKINSON

B.A., Memphis State University, University of Missouri, Kansas City; Latin I, II, and III. Acting Head of Language Department.

"History by appraising of the past, will enable us to judge the future."

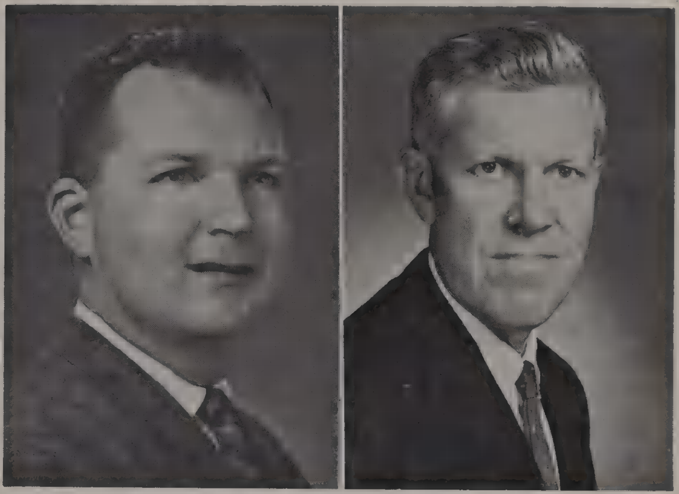
THOMAS JEFFERSON

BILLY L. BRADSHAW

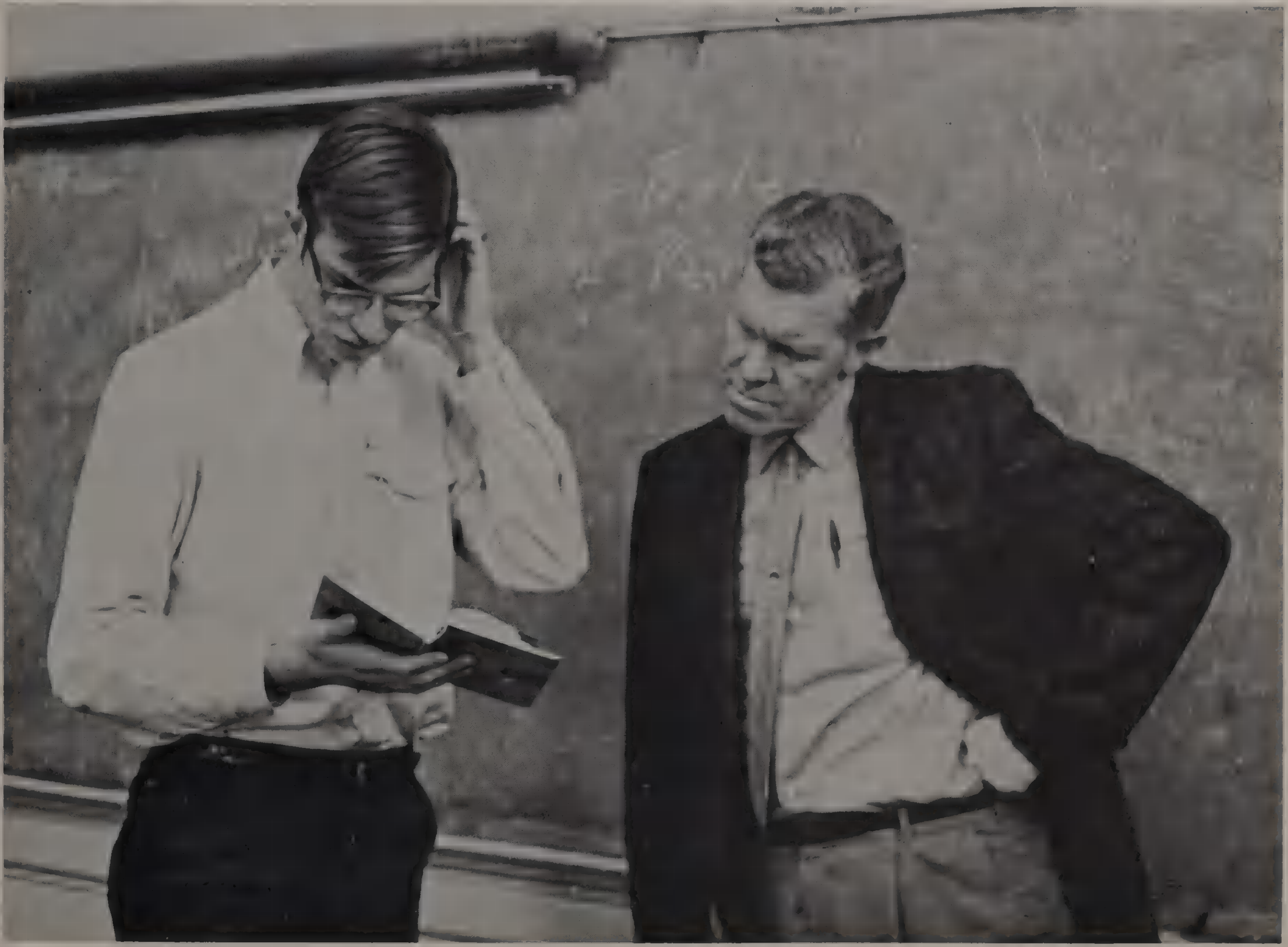
B.S., David Lipscomb College; M.A., George Peabody College; Head of Social Studies Department; American Government; Modern History; Tennis Coach.

HAROLD KENNEDY

B.S., University of the South, Sewanee; M.A., Middle Tennessee State University; Graduate Study, William and Mary, Coe Foundation, George Peabody College; Seventh Grade English; Eighth Grade History; U.S. History; Assistant Varsity Football Coach.



History



> "Civilization advances by extending the number of important operations which we can perform without thinking about them."
>
> ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

CARL SMITHSON

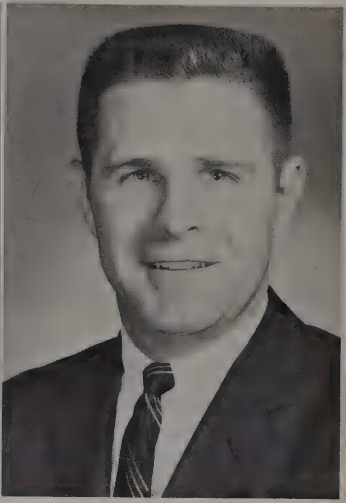
A.B., Trevecca Nazarene College; M.A., Peabody College; Head of Mathematics Department; Advanced Math; College Algebra; Algebra II.

WILLIAM L. CHERRY

B.S., Austin Peay State College; Geometry; Seventh Grade Math; Head Football Coach.

ROBERT GENTRY

B.S., Peabody College; Algebra II; Algebra I; Eighth Grade Math; Coach.



WILLIAM SMITH

B.A., Vanderbilt University; M.A., Middle Tennessee State University; Algebra I; Mechanical Drawing; Freshman Football Coach; Varsity Basketball Coach; Varsity Baseball Coach.

Mathematics

> "Science is the labor and handicraft of the mind."
>
> FRANCIS BACON

J. B. Akin

Business Administrator; Head of the Science Department; B.S., University of Tennessee; M.A., Middle Tennessee State University; Chemistry; Golf Coach.

James C. Gentry

B.S., Peabody College; M.A., Middle Tennessee State University; Biology; Sub-Freshman Studies; Wrestling Coach; Athletic Director.

Donald Patterson

B.S., M.A., Memphis State University; Physics; Physical Science; Director, Publications Dept.

V. Neil Richardson

A.B., Th.B., Trevecca College; General Science; Eighth Science and Word Wealth; Seventh Science and Mythology.

Science

"The difficulty in life is the choice."

GEORGE MOORE

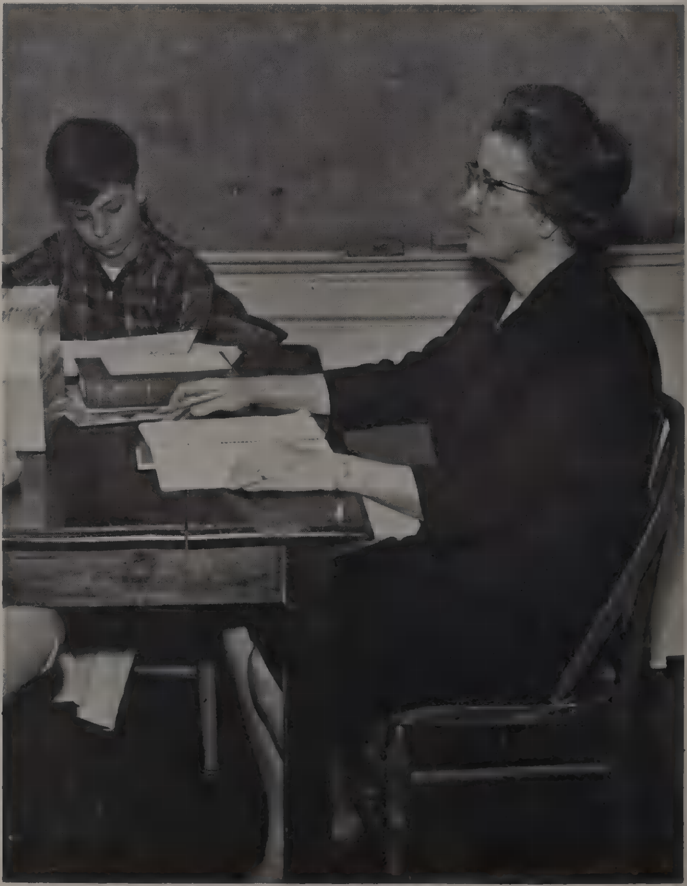
Mrs. E. C. Duke
Speech

Mrs. Nancy Allen
Librarian

Mrs. Paul Redick
Typing

Mrs. J. H. Beasley
Reading

Electives



PHYSICAL EDUCATION
DIRECTOR
RALPH REYNOLDS

B.S., Carson-Newman College; M.A., University of Tennessee; Physical Education; Swimming Coach.

Mr. James McGee
Maintenance Supervisor

Mrs. Robert Cooper
Bookkeeper

Mrs. Roy Kennedy
Secretary

Mrs. Ralph Brown
Dietician

Mrs. Martha Smithson
Nurse

Staff

THE KITCHEN STAFF—Mary Francis Hayes, Bill Alexander, Sally Parrish, Beatrice Thompson, Josie Allen, Delores Coffee, Mary Elizabeth Johnson, Hazel Genevea Cheairs, Ethel Charlotte Black.

Dietician Mrs. Ralph Brown

"A wise man knows himself to be a fool."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

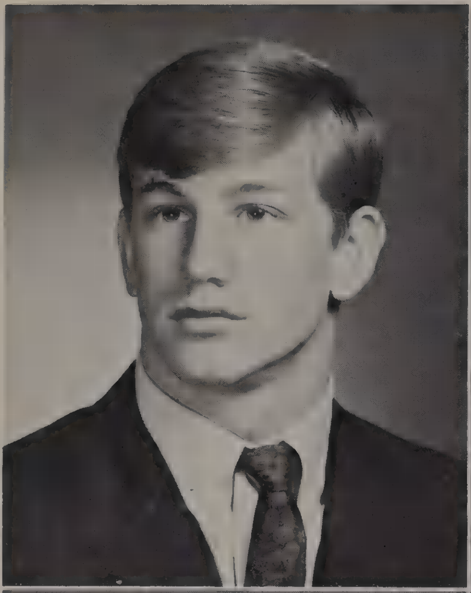
...The Class of '68

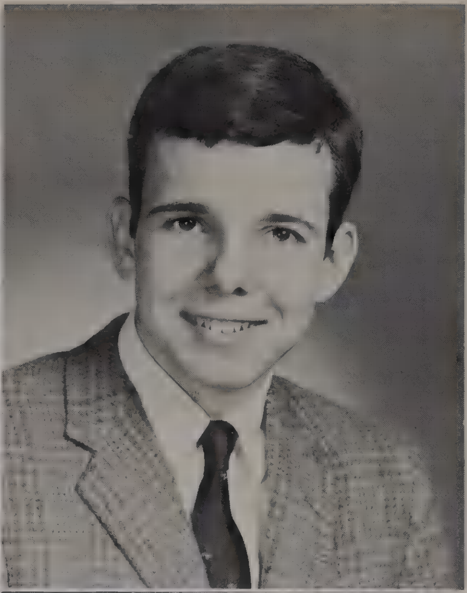
As we came to the Senior section, we, the editors, could not help but reflect on the development of our class during our four to six years at Battle Ground. People expected a lot out of us; they should have. Generally, we lived up to our expectations in the field of academics. Although we didn't possess a Stamps or McClanahan, we usually managed to keep many boys on the Honor Roll and Privilege List. In many other areas, though, we fell down. Of course, everyone was disappointed with our football and basketball teams. It seems as though we possessed the talented individuals, but couldn't function as a team. This was seen in our successes in individual sports such as wrestling. We could have offered quite a bit more leadership than we did. Here again we had some outstanding individuals, but we didn't lead as a unit. It certainly wasn't a bad year, though. Our combined four-year efforts were well worth remembering. But what was most important to us was that this was our Senior Year—our stepping stone to the future—our prelude to an entrance into life on our own.

PRESIDENT BUZZ HAMILTON

TREASURER JAY SIEGRIST, SECRETARY RUSSELL LITTLE, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS JIMMY RADER

VICE-PRESIDENT DAVID GERTH





ALLEN FRENCH ANDERSON

BRENTWOOD, TENNESSEE

Six years at BGA; Varsity Football—2, 3, 4; Freshman Football—8, 1; Freshman Track—1; Sub-Freshman Football—7; Wrestling—8, 1, 2, 3, 4; F.C.A.—2, 3, 4; CANNON BALL Staff—4; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Social Committee—3; Forensics—8, 1, 2; Co-Captain Football Team—4; TSSAA All-Star Football Game—4; 5th Place in State Wrestling Tourney—3; 2nd in NIL Invitational Tournament—3; 3rd Place in NIL Invitational Tournament—2; Greer.

JOHNNIE LEROY ANDERSON

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; Treas.—3; Varsity Basketball—3, 4; Varsity Baseball—3; B-Team Basketball—2; Freshman Football; Freshman Basketball; F.C.A.—2, 3, 4; Key Club—4; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Cheerleader—4; Social Committee—3; Sing-Out BGA—2, 3; Student Honor Council—4; Plato.

HILTON MAYO AUSTIN, JR.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Three years at BGA; Transfer-Hillwood High School; Freshman football; Key Club—4; CANNON BALL Staff—4; Cheerleader—4; Student Aid—3; Greer.

THOMAS PATRICK BRADY

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Six years at BGA; Sec.—7; B-Team Football—3; Freshman Football; Sub-Freshman Football—7, 8; Wrestling—8, 1; Golf—3, 4; Beta Club—1, 2, 3, 4; Key Club—3, 4; CANNON BALL Staff—4; Math Contest—1, 3; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Debate Team—1, 2, 3; Forensics—7, 8, 1, 2, 3, 4; National Forensic League—Degree of Merit, Honor, Distinction, Superiority; Plato.

Seniors

STEWART CAMPBELL, JR.

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; Varsity Football—2, 3, 4; Captain—4; Varsity Basketball—4; B-Team Basketball—2, 3; Captain—2, 3; Freshman Football; Freshman Track; Freshman Basketball; Student Aid—4; Plato.

STEPHEN HAYES CHAMBERS

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; V-Pres. Student Honor Council—4; Pres.—2; Sec.—3; Varsity Football—2, 3, 4; Varsity Baseball—2, 3, 4; Freshman Basketball; Freshman Football; Wrestling—2; F.C.A.—2, 3, 4; V-Chairman F.C.A.—4; Beta Club—1, 2, 3, 4; Key Club—3, 4; Sec. Key Club—4; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Basketball Cheerleader—2, 3, 4; N.M.S.Q.T. Letter of Commendation; Plato.

Patrick Malachi Cooper

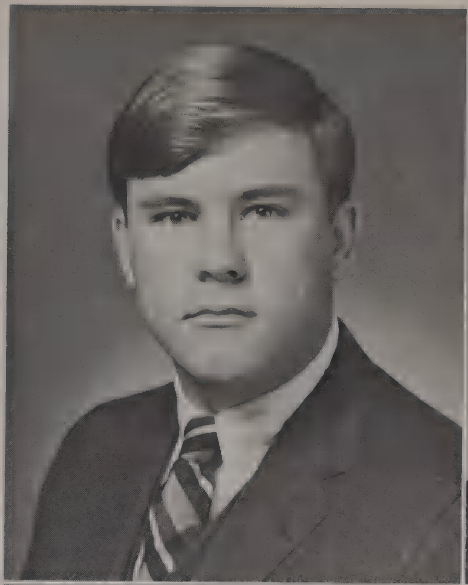
Nashville, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; Varsity Track–4; B-Team Football–3; Wrestling–1, 2, 3; F.C.A. –2, 3, 4; Cannon Ball Staff–3; Glee Club–2; Social Committee–2; Student Aid–4; Greer.

Lawrence Patton Dale

Franklin, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; B-Team Basketball Manager–3; Varsity Basketball Manager–4; Social Committee–2, 3, 4; Student Aid–2, 3, 4; Greer.



Timothy Francis Dempsey

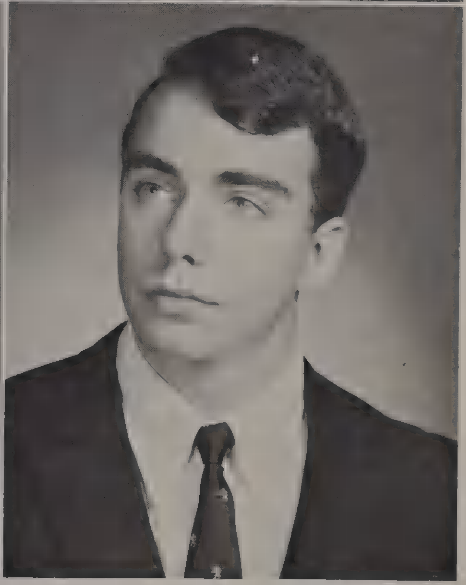
Knoxville, Tennessee

Two years at BGA; Transfer-Holston High School; Pres.–2; Proctor–4; Social Committee–3, 4; Student Aid–3, 4; Greer.

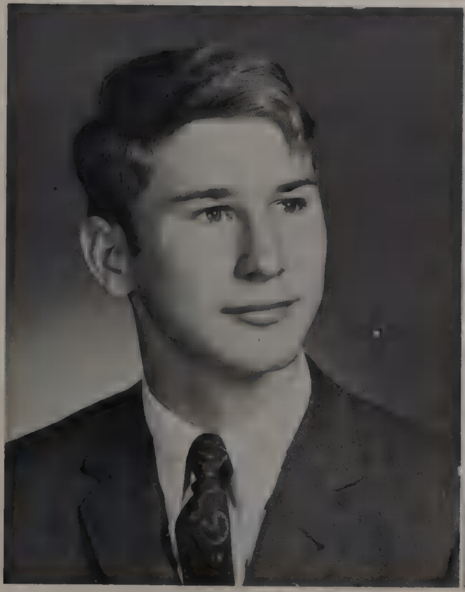
Louis Timmons Derryberry, Jr.

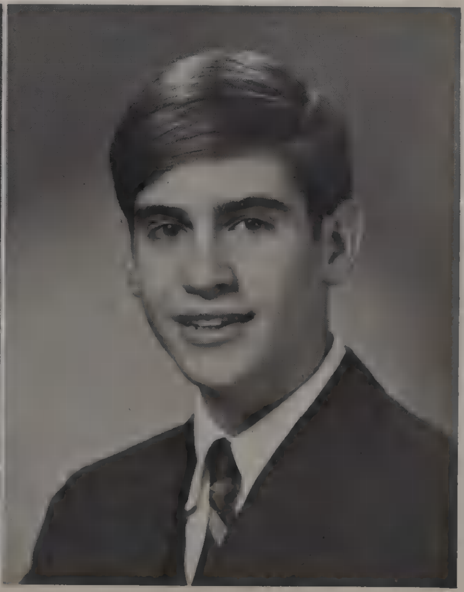
Nashville, Tennessee

Five years at BGA; Varsity Track–2, 3; Freshman Track; Cross Country–1, 2, 3; Swimming Team–3; Plato.



Seniors





Thomas Rhodes Dickinson

Franklin, Tennessee

Two years at BGA; Transfer-Peabody High School; Varsity Track–2; B-Team Basketball –2; Freshman Basketball; Cross Country–2; Greer.

Philip Alexander Duke

Nashville, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; Social Committee–4; Swimming Team–2; Cannon Ball Staff–4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–2; Student Aid–4; Plato.

ROBERT LEWIS ESTES

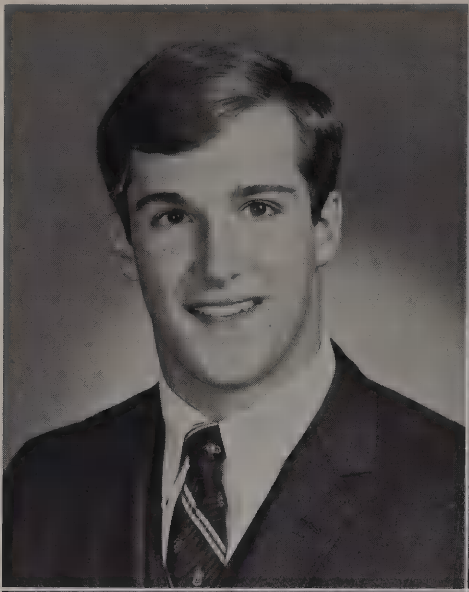
BRENTWOOD, TENNESSEE

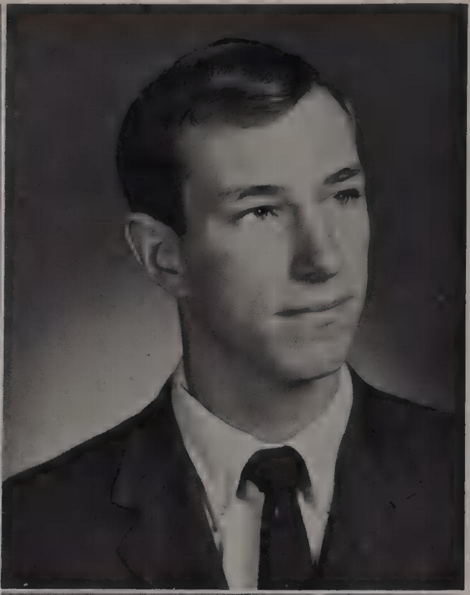
Four years at BGA; Pres.—3; Treas.—2; Student Honor Council—4; Varsity Football—2, 3, 4; Freshman Football—1; F.C.A.—2, 3; Beta Club—1, 2, 3, 4; Key Club—3, 4; CANNON BALL Editor—4; CANNON BALL Staff—3; Math Contest—2, 3; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Social Committee—3; Sing-Out BGA—2, 3; Forensics—1, 2; N.M.S.Q.T. Letter of Commendation—4; Greer.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRCLOTH III

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; Varsity Football—2, 3, 4; Freshman Football—1; Freshman Track—1; F.C.A.—2; Key Club—4; N.E.D.T. Certificate —1, 2; 440-880 Championship Relay—3; Honorable Mention Mid-South Latin Tournament—3; Plato.





FELIX ANDREW FLY

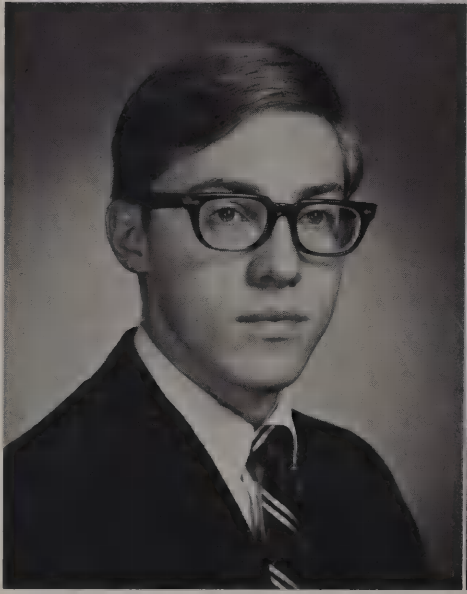
GALLATIN, TENNESSEE

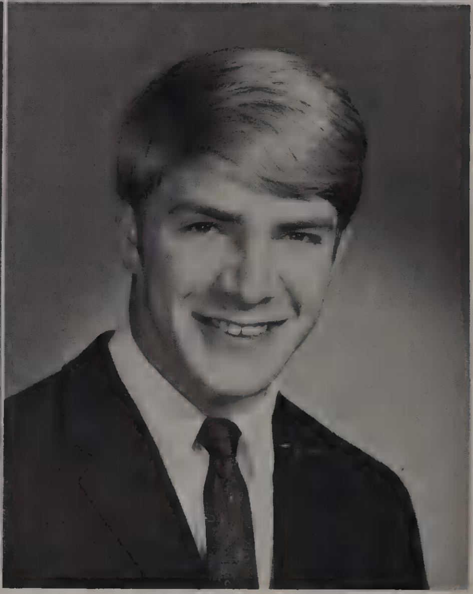
Four years at BGA; Vice-Pres.—2; Varsity Basketball—3, 4; Varsity Baseball—2, 3, 4; B-Team Basketball—2; Freshman Basketball —1; F.C.A.—2, 3, 4; Beta Club—1, 2, 3, 4; Key Club—3, 4; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Cheerleader—3, 4; Social Committee—4; Procter—3, 4; Forensics—2, 3, 4; Student Aid—3, 4; President Student Body—4; Vice-Chairman Student Activity Committee; Dramatics—3, 4; Greer.

CHRISTOPHER CHARLES FOLSOM

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

Three years at BGA; Transfer—Hopkinsville, Kentucky High School; Pres.—1; Swimming Team—1, 2, 4; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Freshman Basketball—1; Plato.





Seniors

RICHARD CLEMENT FURMAN

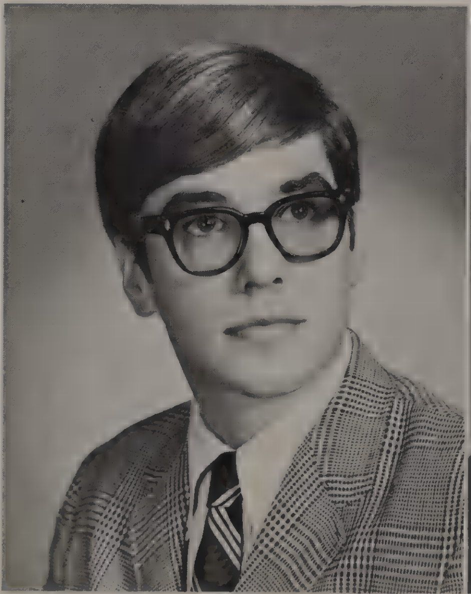
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

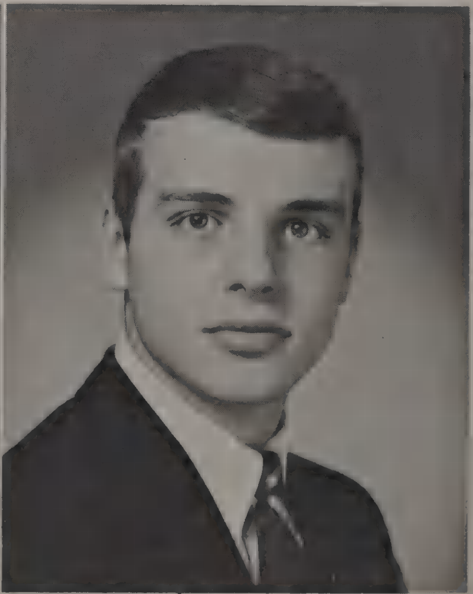
Six years at BGA; Freshman Track—1; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Greer.

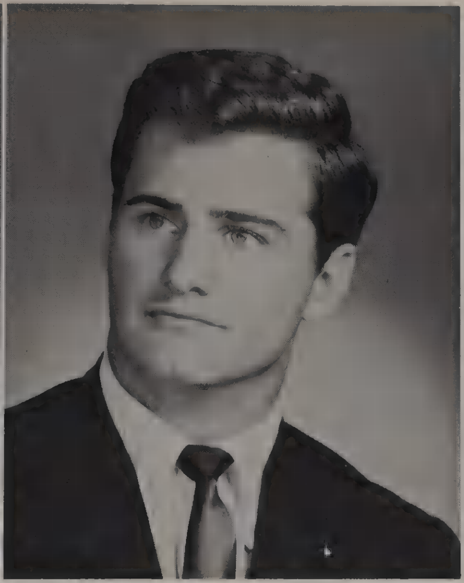
DAVID JESSE BONTLEY GERTH

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; Vice-pres.—4; Sec.—2; Varsity Football—2, 3, 4; Varsity Baseball—3, 4; Freshman Football—1; F.C.A.—3, 4; Beta Club—2, 3, 4; Key Club—3, 4; CANNON BALL Staff—4; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Sec.—F.C.A—4; Pres. Key Club—4; Junior Achievement—4; Freshman Basketball—1; Plato.







WAYNE BELL GLASGOW, JR.

THOMPSON STATION, TENNESSEE

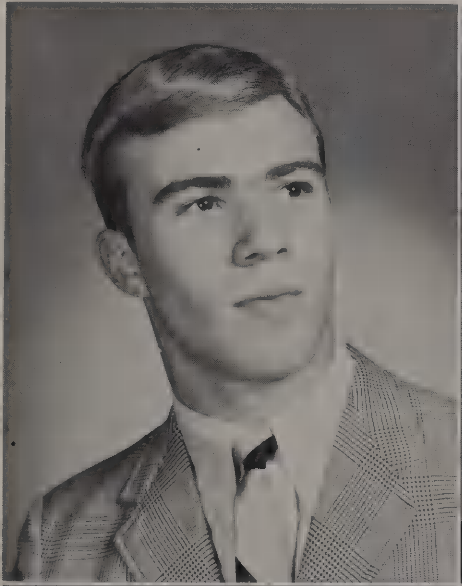
Five years at BGA; Pres.–1; V-Pres–7; Treas.–8; F.C.A.–2, 4; Beta Club–2, 4; Key Club–4; Golf–4; B-team Basketball–2; Freshman Football–1; Freshman Basketball; N.E.D.T. Certificate–2; Sing-Out BGA–2; Sub-Freshman Football–7, 8; Sub-Freshman Basketball–7, 8; Speech–1; Freshman Baseball–8, 1; Sing-Out; High School Student Body Pres.–3; Traveled 15 months with UP WITH PEOPLE-SING-OUT–3; Greer.

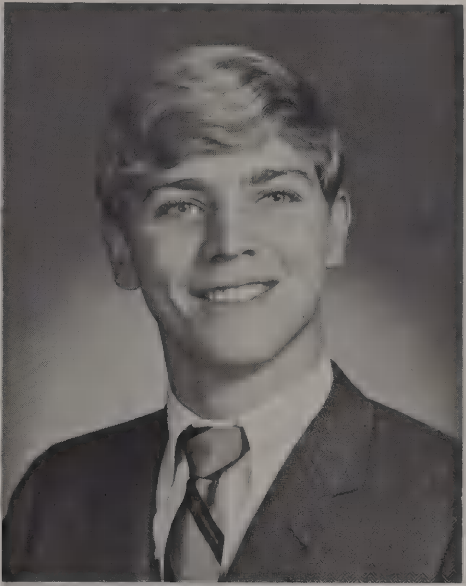
FRED SAMUEL HAMILTON, JR.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Three years at BGA; Transfer–M.B.A.; Pres.–4; Varsity Football–3, 4; Varsity Basketball–4; Varsity Baseball–2, 3, 4; B-team Football–2; B-team Basketball–3; Freshman Football; Wrestling–3; F.C.A.–2, 3, 4; CANNON BALL Staff–4; Forensics–2, 3, 4; Dramatics–3, 4; Nashville Tennessean Third Team All-Midstate; Nashville Banner Honorable Mention All-Midstate; Plato.

Seniors





HIRAM EDWARD HARRIS

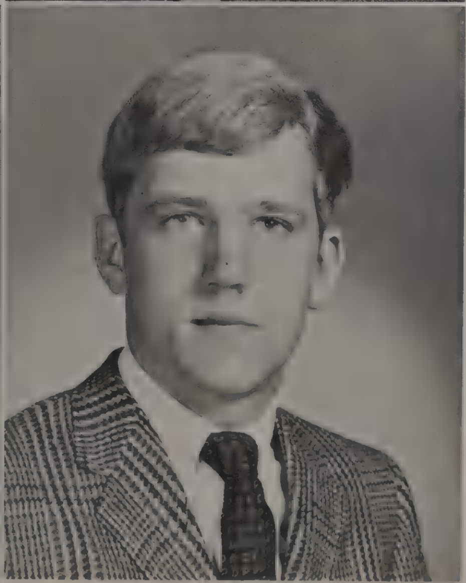
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; Varsity Football–2, 4; Varsity Track–3; Freshman Football; N.E.D.T. Certificate–2; Plato, Student Aid.

DONALD GORDON HEDDEN

CLINTON, TENNESSEE

Three years at BGA; Transfer–Clinton High School; Science Club–1; French Club–1; Pep Club–1; Varsity Baseball–2, 3 4; Proctor–4; Student Aid–4; Intramural Football All-Star–3; Greer.



DAVID BRILEY HEFLIN

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; B-team Football–3; Wrestling–2; Tennis–4; F.C.A.–2, 3, 4; Key Club–3, 4; CANNON BALL Staff–3, 4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–2; Cheerleader–4; Student Aid–2, 3, 4; Plato.

STEPHEN WAYNE HICKS

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; B-team Basketball–2, 3; Freshman Football; Freshman Track; Forensics–1, 2, 3, 4; Greer.

Hugh Douglas Holliday

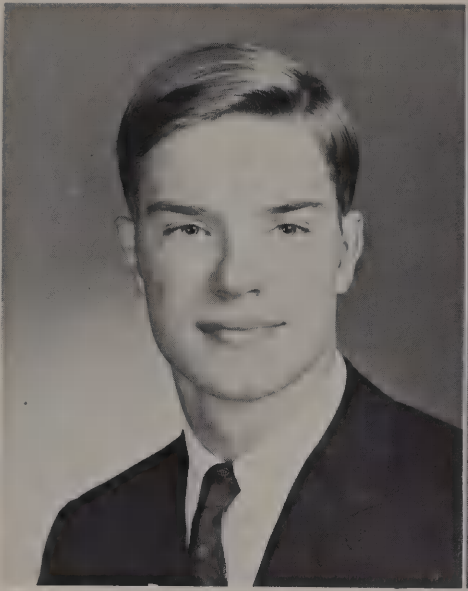
Nashville, Tennessee

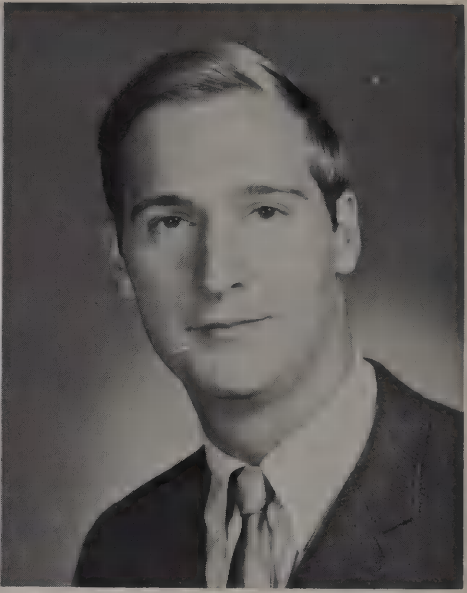
Six years at BGA; Pres.—7; Varsity Basketball—4; Varsity Track 2; B-Team Football—3; B-Team Basketball—2, 3; Freshman Football—1; Freshman Bsaketball—1; Freshman Track—1; Sub-Freshman Football—7, 8; Sub-Freshman Basketball—7, 8; Beta Club—1, 2, 3, 4; Key Club—3, 4; Math Contest—1, 2; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Cheerleader—4; Plato.

Stephen Henry Horrell

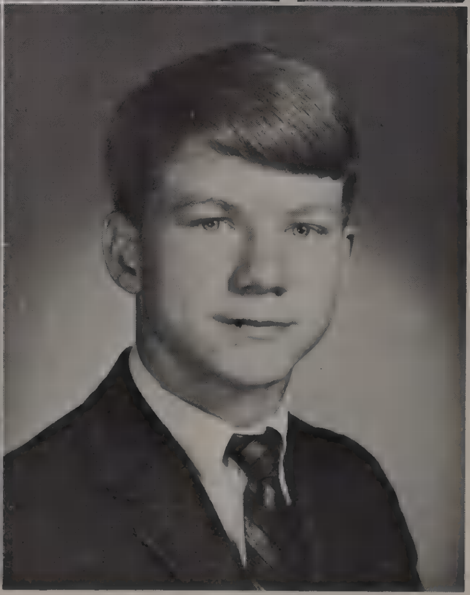
Nashville, Tennessee

Six years at BGA; B-Team Football—2; Freshman Football—1; Freshman Track—8, 1; Sub-Freshman Football—8; F.C.A.—2, 3; Debate Team—2, 3, 4; Forensics—8, 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Aid—3, 4; National Forensics League—Degree of Superiority; Declamation Medal—8; Extemporaneous Medal—1; Debate Medal—2, 3, 4; First Place in Debate in Region IV—3; Fifth Rank Debater in State—3; Barkley Forum—2, 3, 4; Plato.





Seniors



William Wade Johnson

Knoxville, Tennessee

Two years at BGA; Transfer-Holston High School; Varsity Football—2; Freshman Football—1; Social Committee—3, 4; Proctor—4; Student Aid—4; Plato.

Charles Thomas Lawrence

Franklin, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; Football Manager—4; *Wildcat* Staff—3, 4; CANNON BALL Staff—4; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Social Committee—3, 4; Forensics—3, 4; Student Aid—4; National Forensics League, Degree of Merit—3; Dramatics; Greer.

Joe Lambeth Lester

Pulaski, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; V-Pres.—3; Varsity Track—3, 4; Wrestling—2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager—1; F.C.A.—1, 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader—4; Social Committee—1, 2, 3, 4; Proctor—3, 4; Student Aid—3, 4; Head Proctor—4; Social Committee Chairman—4; F.C.A. Chairman—4; Student Honor Council—4; Dramatics—3, 4; Plato.

Marvin Kelly Lish, Jr.

Nashville, Tennessee

Six years at BGA; Freshman Football Manager; Freshman Track; Sub-Freshman Football—7, 8; Wrestling—1, 2, 3, 4; F.C.A.—3, 4; Key Club—3, 4; F.C.A. National Conference—4; 1st Place NIL Wrestling Tourney—2; 1st place in Region Tourney—2, 3; 3rd Place in State Tourney—3; Greer.

RUSSEL SIDNEY LITTLE

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; Sec.–4; Varsity Football –4; B-Team Football–3; Freshman Football –1; Wrestling–2, 3, 4; F.C.A.–4; Beta Club –1, 2, 3, 4; Key Club–3, 4; Sports Editor CANNON BALL–4; Math Contest–2; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Boy's State Representative–3; Glee Club–1, 2, 4; Sing-Out BGA–1, 2, 3; Vice-Pres. Key Club–4; N.I.L. Wrestling Tournament Fourth Place–3; Region III Wrestling Champ–4; Sewanee Club Award of Excellence–3; Plato.

WILLIAM HASTINGS LLOYD

LEWISBURG, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; Swimming Team–3; Key Club–3, 4; *Wildcat* Staff–1, 2, 3, 4; CANNON BALL Staff–3, 4; N.E.D.T. Certificate –1; Proctor–3, 4; Debate Team–2, 3, 4; Forensics–2, 3, 4; N.M.S.Q.T. Semi-Finalist; Debate Medal–3; Extemp Medal–2; N.F.L. Degree of Honor; Barkley Forum–2, 3, 4; *Wildcat* Asst. Editor–3; *Wildcat* Editor–4; Greer.

Seniors

STEPHEN ALBION McCLANAHAN

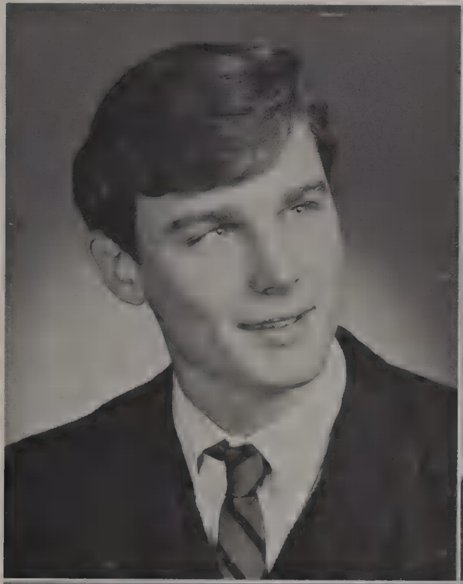
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Six years at BGA; Sgt. at Arms–8; B-Team Football–3; Freshman Football–1; Sub-Freshman Football 7, 8; Swimming Team–2; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1; Debate Team–1, 2; Forensics–7, 8, 1, 2, 3; Plato.

WILLIAM RICHARD MAXWELL

COLLEGE GROVE, TENNESSEE

Five years at BGA; Social Committee–2, 3, 4; Plato.



PHILIP LAWRENCE MARTIN

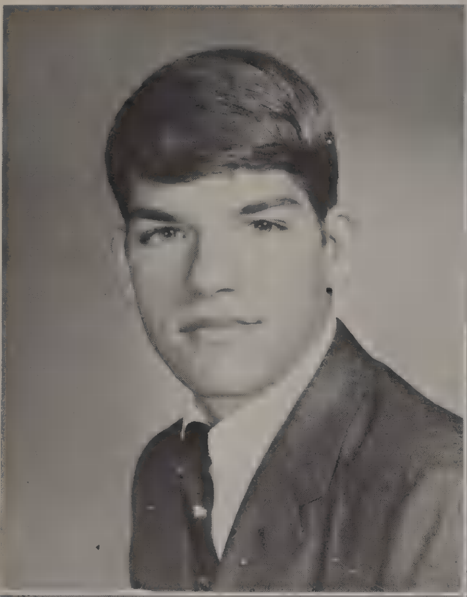
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

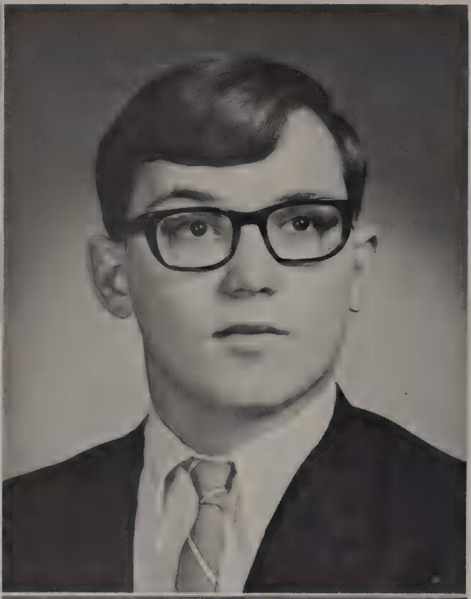
Six years at BGA; Sgt. at Arms–9; Varsity Football–2, 3, 4; Freshman Football–1; Freshman Basketball–1; Sub-Freshman Football–7, 8; Sub-Freshman Basketball–7, 8; F.CA..–2, 3, 4; Key Club–3, 4; Boy's State Alternate–3; Cheerleader–4; Sing-Out BGA –2, 3; Student Aid–4; Student Council–4; Fleming Williams Football Award–3; Plato.

CURTIS RICHARD MILES

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Six years at BGA; Vice-Pres.–8; Varsity Track–2, 3, 4; B-Team Football–3; Freshman Football–1; Freshman Track–8, 1; Sub-Freshman Football–7, 8; Beta Club–1, 2, 3, 4; Key Club–4; CANNON BALL Business Manager–4; Math Contest–1, 3; First Place Geometry; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Greer.





Michael Scott Minor

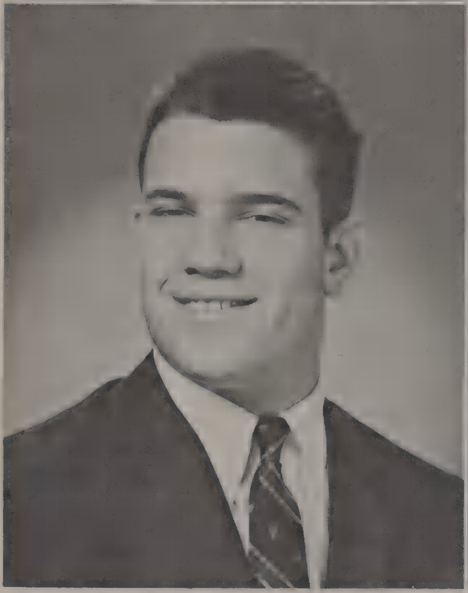
Nashville, Tennessee

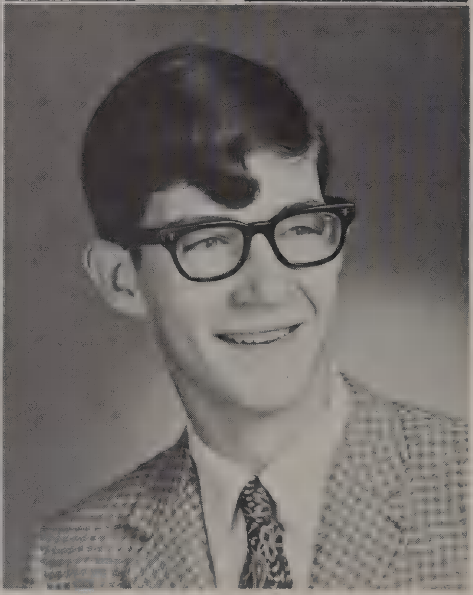
Four years at B.G.A.; Varsity Track–4; B-team Football–2; Freshman Football–1; Wrestling–1, 2, 3, 4; *Wildcat* Staff–4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Social Committee –4; Student Aid–4; Greer.

Robert Erwin Minor, Jr.

Murphy, North Carolina

Two years at BGA; Wrestling–3, 4; F.C.A. –4; Glee Club–4; Proctor–4; Sing-Out BGA –3; Forensics–3, 4; Student Aid–4; Greer.





John Davis Moran, Jr.

Franklin, Tennessee

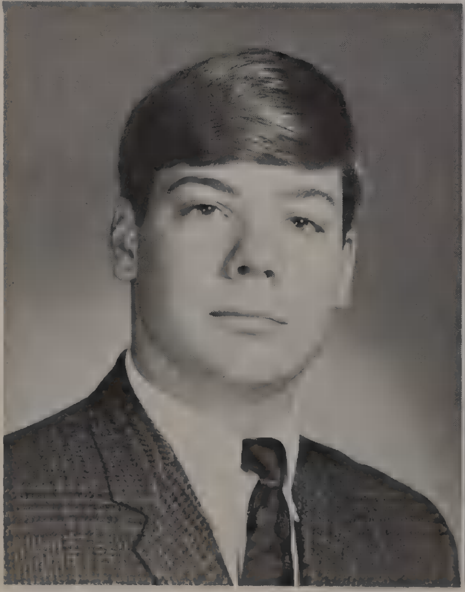
Four years at BGA; Sergeant-at-Arms–2, 3; Varsity Football–2, 3, 4; Varsity Track–3, 4; Freshman Football–1; Freshman Track–1; F.C.A.–2, 4; Key Club–3, 4; Cannon Ball Staff–4; Social Committee–3; Student Aid–4; Key Club Treasurer–4; Greer.

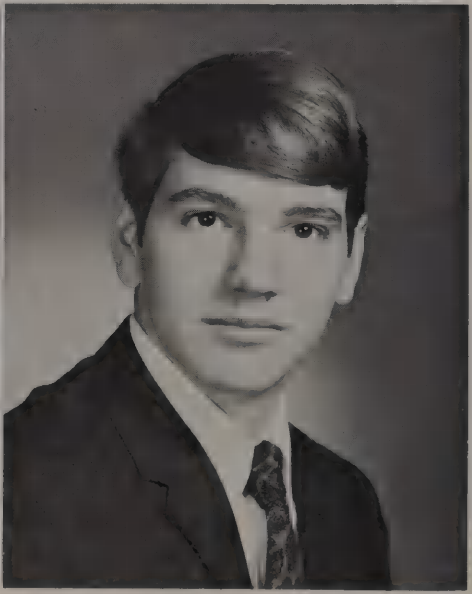
George Glenn Osborne

Centerville, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; Manager Track–2, 3; F.C.A.–1, 2; *Wildcat* Staff–2, 3, 4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Glee Club–1, 2, 3, 4; Social Committee–2, 3, 4; Proctor–4; Forensics–2, 3, 4; Student Aid–4; 3rd Place, District Speech Contest–3; Semifinals, Barkley Forum–3; 1st Place, L. M. Stevenson Speech Tournament.

Seniors





John Martin Ozburn

Brentwood, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; B-Team Football–2; Freshman Football; Freshman Basketball; Freshman Track; Manager–1; F.C.A.–2, 3; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1; Student Aid–2, 3, 4; Greer.

Gary Madison Powers

Waverly, Tennessee

Five years at BGA; *Wildcat* Staff–2, 3, 4; Cannon Ball Staff–3; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Feature Editor *Wildcat*–4; Greer.

Edwin Franklin Provost

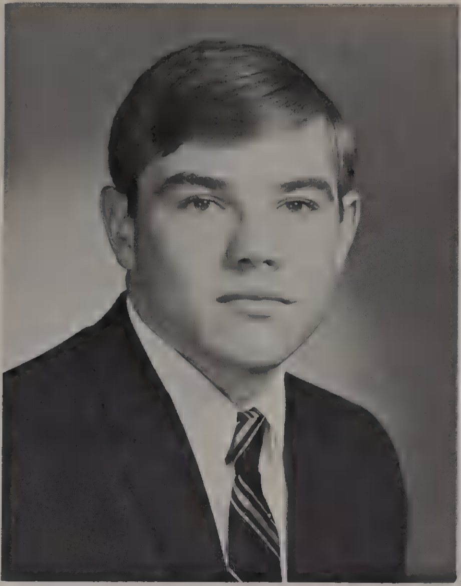
Columbia, Tennessee

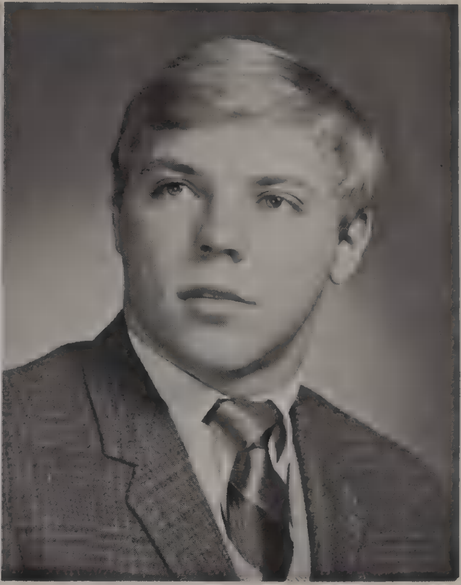
Three years at BGA; Transfer Columbia High School; B-Team Football–2, 3; Wrestling–4; Tennis–3, 4; Swimming Team–2, 3; N.E.D.T. Certificate–2; Proctor–3, 4; Student Aid–3, 4; Plato.

James Edward Rader

Franklin, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; Sgt-at-Arms–1, 4; Varsity Football–2, 3, 4; B-Team Basketball–3; Freshman Football; Freshman Basketball; Freshman Track; F.C.A–2, 3; Student Aid–3, 4; Football Co-Captain–1, 4; Honorable Mention All-State–4; Plato.





Seniors

Robert Michael Rainey

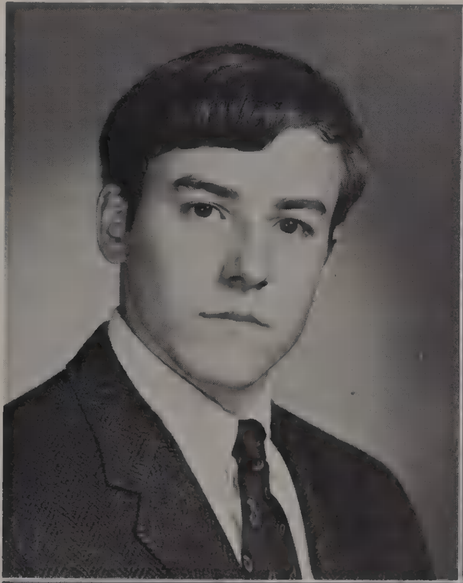
Franklin, Tennessee

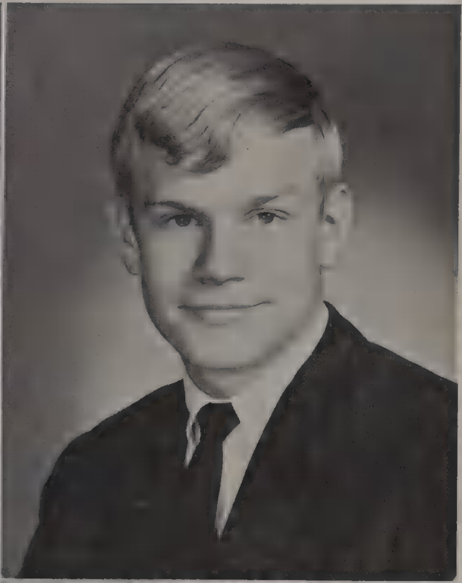
Four years at BGA; Wrestling–4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Student Aid; Greer.

William Taylor Ramsey

Viola, Tennessee

Two years at BGA; Transfer–McMinnville City High School; Swimming Team–3, 4; Cannon Ball Staff Editor–4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Proctor–4; Plato.





Henry Richard Roberts

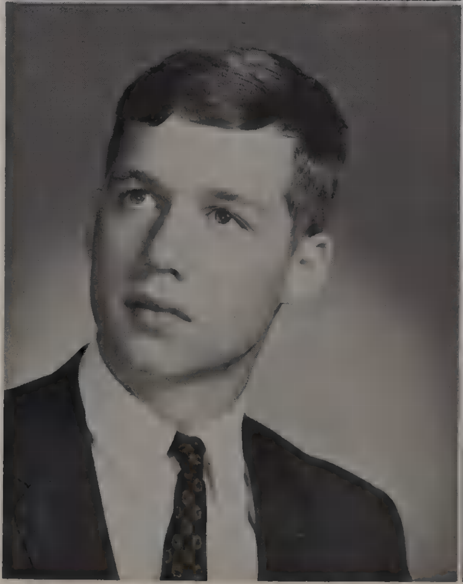
Franklin, Tennessee

Four years at BGA; Varsity Track–4; Freshman Football; Wrestling–4; F.C.A–4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Glee Club–4; Greer.

Judson Edward Rogers

Anamosa, Iowa

Three years at BGA; Transfer-Cavert High School; Swimming Team–2, 3, 4; Beta Club –3, 4; *Wildcat* Staff–4; Cannon Ball Staff–4; Math Contest–1, 2, 3; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Forensics–3, 4; N.M.S.Q.T. Finalist–4; Oratory Medal–3; 1st Place, Nashville Lions Club Essay Contest.



JULIUS CLARENCE SIEGRIST, JR.

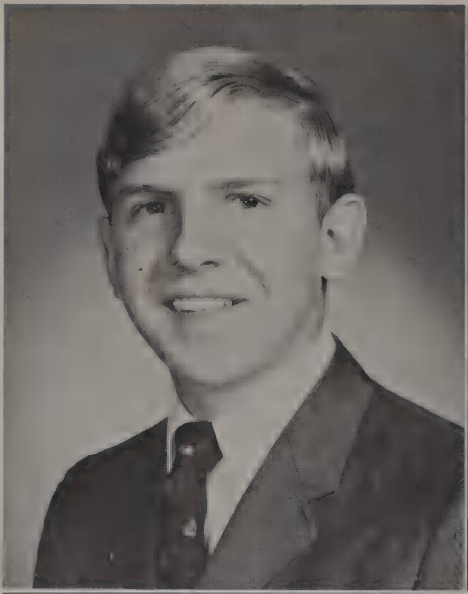
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

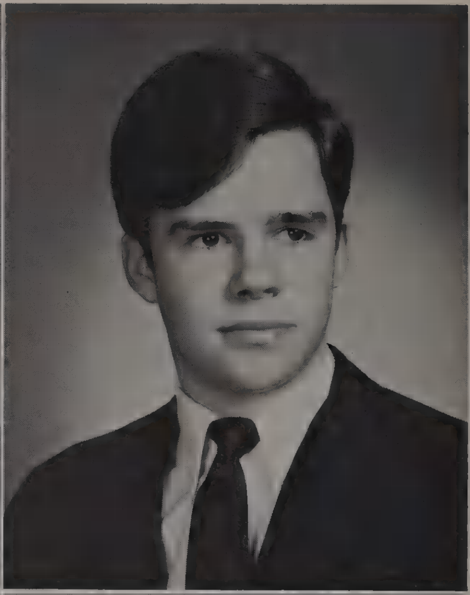
Four years at BGA; Treas.–4; Freshman Football–1; Freshman Basketball–1; CANNON BALL Staff–4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Social Committee–3, 4; Greer.

FREDERICK RANDOLPH STEPHENS

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Six years at BGA; B-team Football–3; Freshman Track–7, 8, 9; Sub-freshman Football–7, 8; Sub-freshman Basketball–7, 8; Wrestling–1, 2; F.C.A.–1, 2; Key Club–3, 4; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Cheerleader–4; Social Committee–3, 4; Greer.





STEPHEN FOLLIS SUTHERLAND

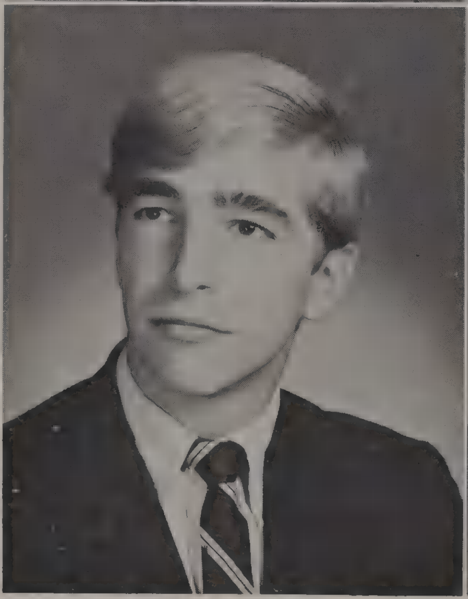
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

Three years at BGA; Transfer-Koffman Junior High; Sub-Freshman Football–8; Golf–1; Swimming Team–1, 2, 4; Proctor–4; Student Aid–4; Greer

JOHN LEE TURNER

SPRINGFIELD, TENNESSEE

Two years at BGA; Transfer-Springfield High School; B-team Football–2, 3; Freshman Football–1; Sub-Freshman Football–7, 8; Wrestling–3; Sub-Freshman Football Assistant-coach–4; Spanish Club 2; Plato.



Seniors

GEORGE MICHAEL VAUGHN

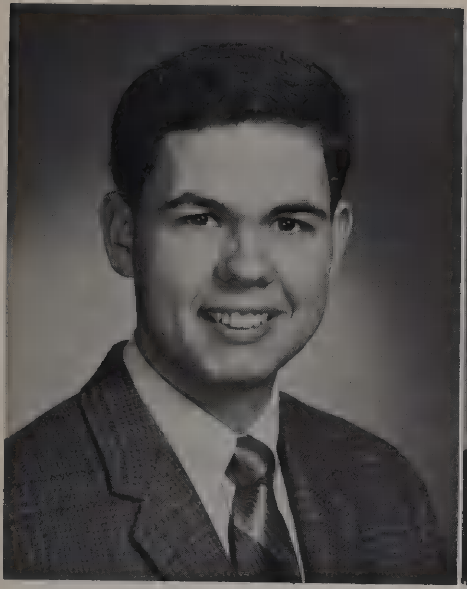
FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE

Four years at BGA; Vice-President–1; Freshman Football–1; F.C.A.–2; N.E.D.T. Certificate–1, 2; Social Committee–3; Greer.

FRANK WHITE WADE

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Six years at BGA; Secretary–8, 1; B-team Football–2, 3; Sgt.-at-Arms–3; Freshman Football–1; Sub-Freshman Football–7, 8; Frosh Basketball Manager–1; CANNON BALL Staff–4; Social Committee–3; Forensics–2, 3, 4; Greer.



JOHN CHRISTOPHER WILSON

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE

Six years at BGA; B-team Football—2, 3; Freshman Football; Sub-Freshman Football—7, 8; F.C.A.—2, 3; N.E.D.T. Certificate—1, 2; Student Aid—2, 3, 4; Plato.

CHARLES DAVID WOLFF, JR.

CLINTON, TENNESSEE

Two years at BGA; Transfer from Clinton High School; Varsity Track—3; Science Club—1, 2; Spanish Club—1, 2; National Honor Society—2; Greer.

Seniors

...The Class of '69

PRESIDENT PAUL MUNCY

VICE-PRESIDENT BILL ARMISTEAD

TREASURER LEONARD HERRINGTON, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS MIKE WILLIAMS, SECRETARY JOHN LEE

BATTLE
GROUND
ACADEMY

Houston Alford
Buddy Allen

Bob Anderson
Rob Anderson

Bill Armistead
Tommy Ashcraft

Skip Beadle
Charley Benz

Dewees Berry
Harry Blackburn

Juniors

Sam Jack Brantley
Denson Buttrey

Fred's *where*?

Juniors

Billy Clemmons Chris Dodson Mike Dunn Jere Ellis
Bucky Crowell Steve Dudley Steve Early Bill Fisher

Fred's *out*!

Rick Francis David Gardner
Harrison Gant Jimmy Gentry

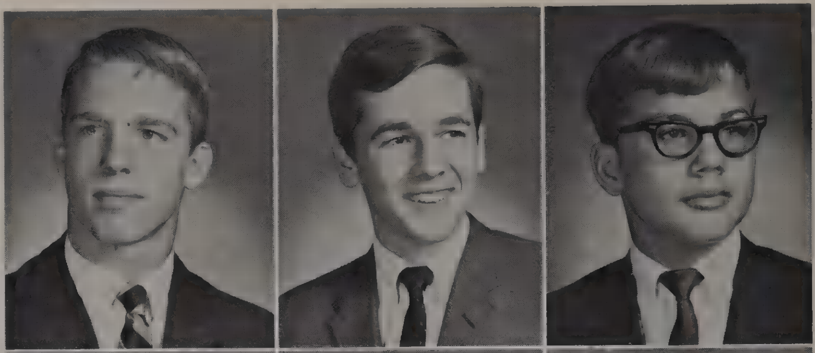
Irwin Graham
Truman Harper
Bill Haffner
Hugh Hasty

"ARRAGH!"

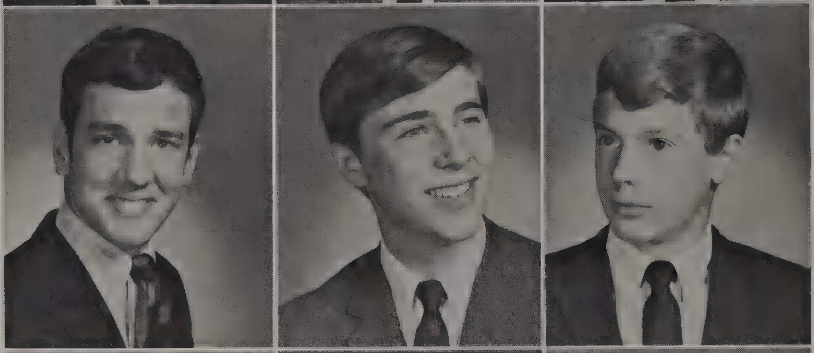
Juniors

Bob Henry
Steve Horn
Lee Hume
Richard Katzoff
Leonard Herrington
Josh Huffman
Mike Isaacson
Dwight Lanier

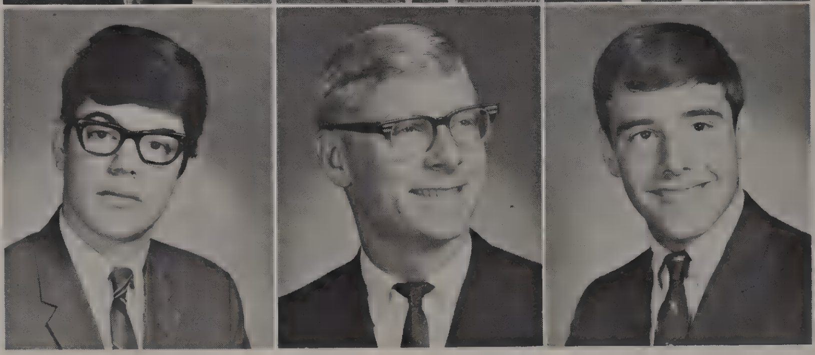
John Lee
Dick Lewis
Johnny Lucas



Ned McLeod
Lewis Maddux
Wilson Manning



Marshall Morgan
Paul Muncy
Drew Oliver



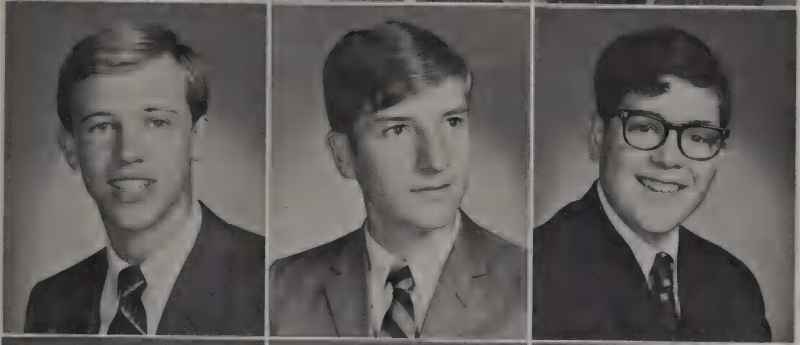
Juniors

Buddy Parker
Kenneth Peercy

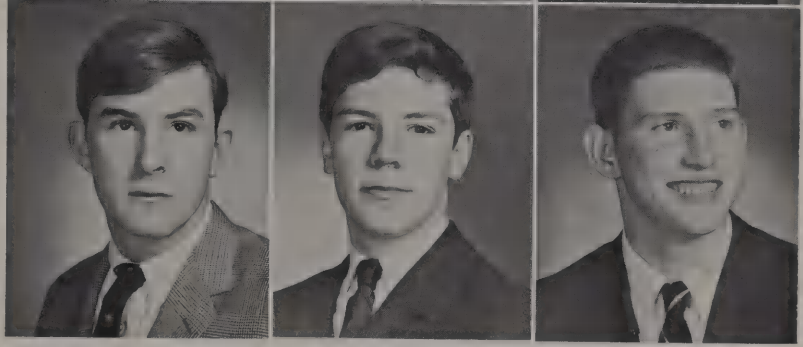
Monty Powell
Tim Powers

Shotgun!

K. O. Primm
Eddie Roberts
Mark Scantlebury



Bob Selph
John Simpson
Tommy Taylor



Doug Thompson
Guy Wallace
Tommy West

Juniors

John Whiteman
Mike Williams

Jimmy Witherspoon
Bobby Wright

...The Class of '70

PRESIDENT RICK BENNETT
VICE-PRESIDENT RICK HOWARTH

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS TOMMY HARWELL, TREASURER BOB McCLANAHAN, SECRETARY NATE GREENE

Bob Akin
Robert Atwood

Jim Beesley
Rick Bennett

Allen Berry
Doug Berry

Mike Binkley
Phil Brodnax

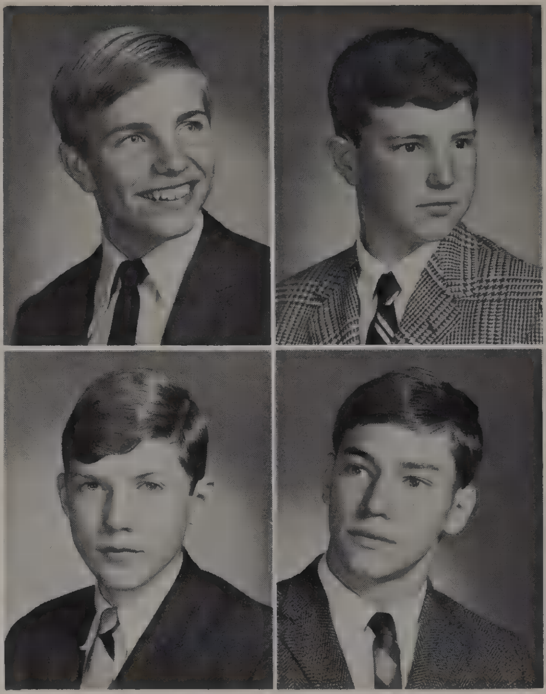
Paul Budslick
David Carlisle

Bobby Chaffin
Jerry Church

Gary Clement
Chuck Cook

Richard Doyel
Alec Dryden

Sophomores



Ralph Duke
Willie Earls

Bob Elam
Mark Faircloth

Sophomores

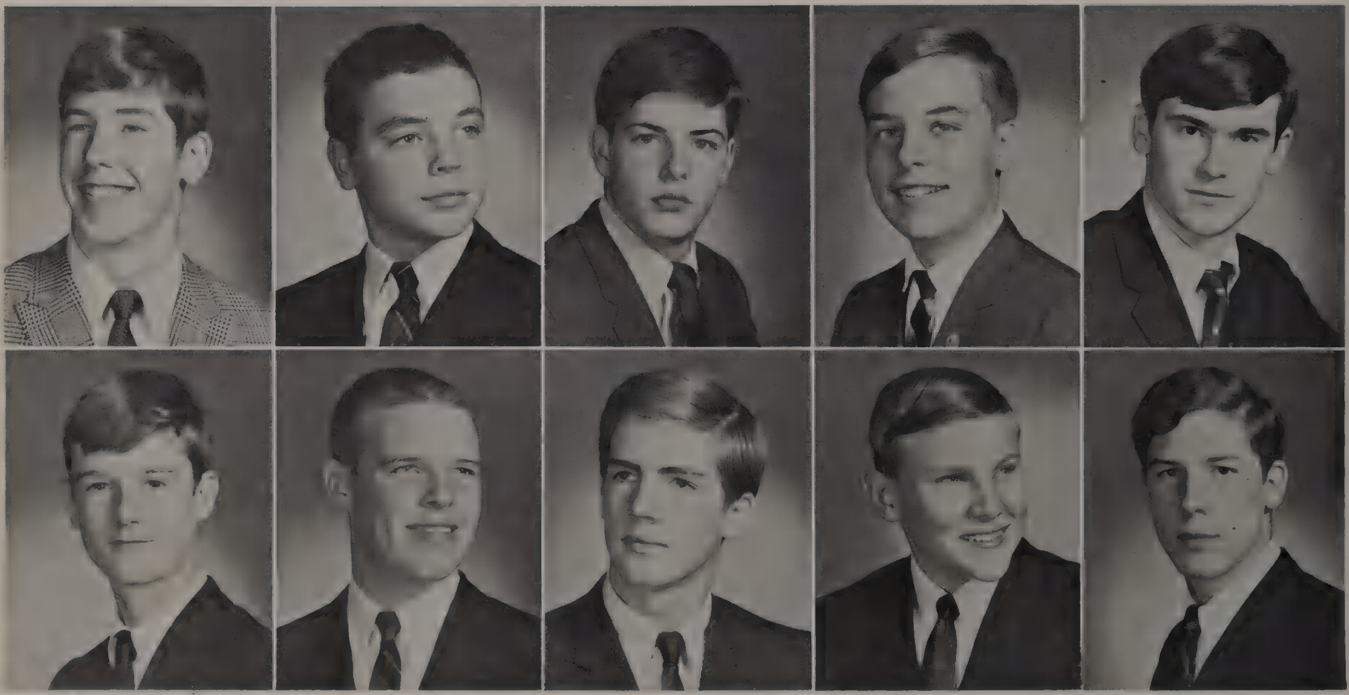
Steve Faust
Dicky Floyd

Winston Gant
Allen Gentry

Dan Gentry
Gary Gillum

Steve Glenn
Barry Goodman

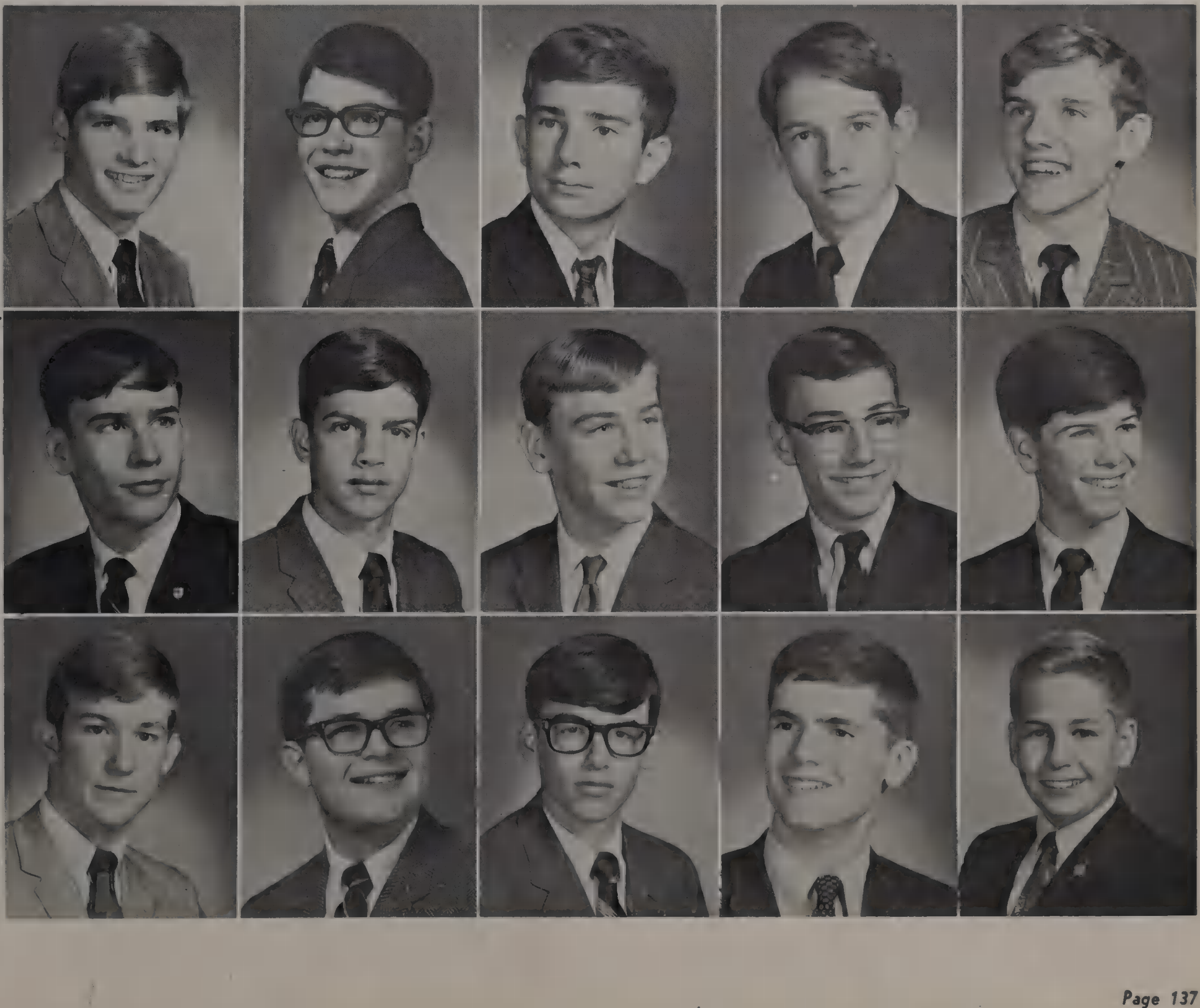
Joe Gordon
Nate Greene

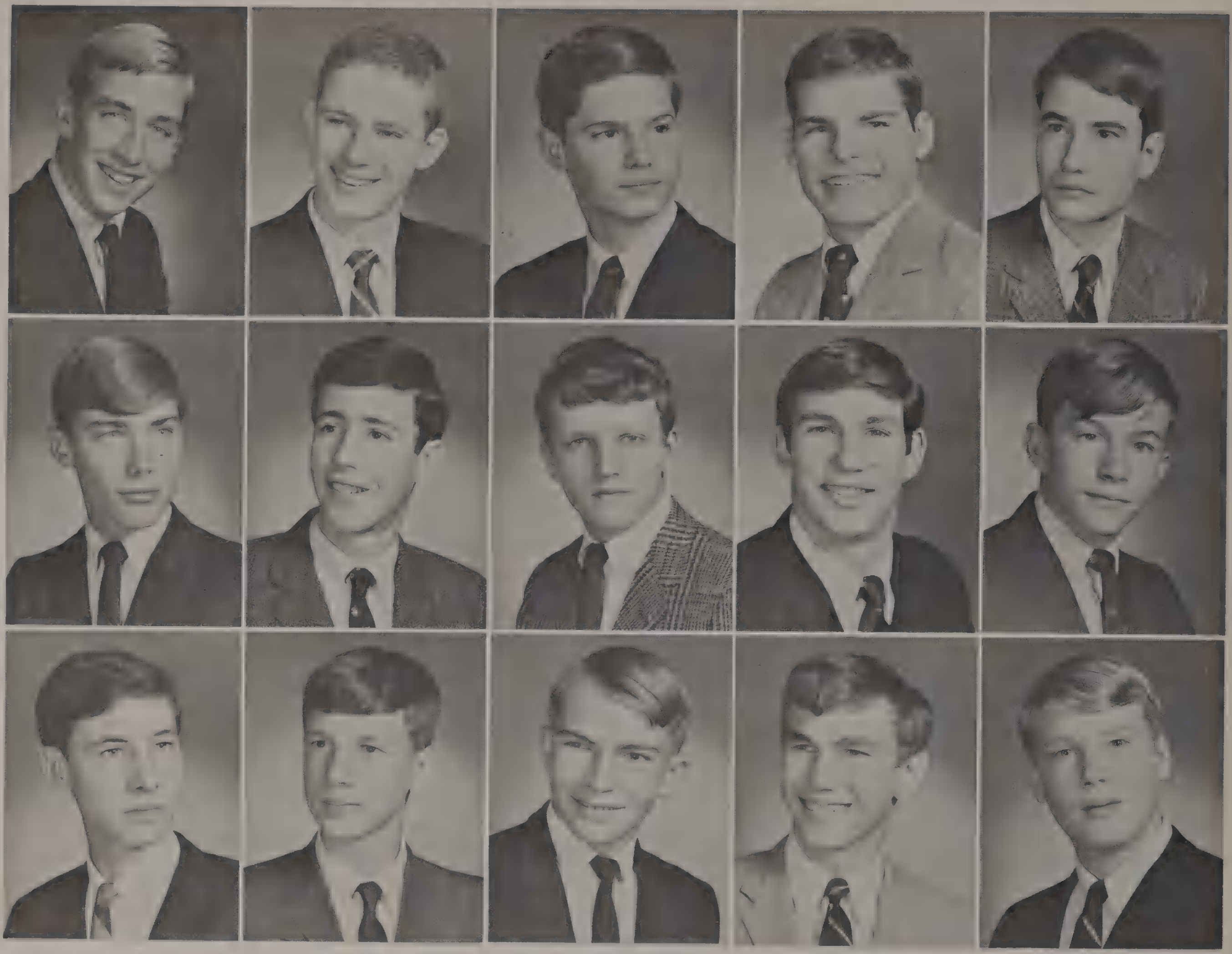


Sophomores

"Is anyone in the stands yelling hoorah for Battle Ground?"

Tommy Harwell
Wilson Herndon
Sam Hollins
Mike Howard
Rick Howarth
Jack Howser
Brad Hutchinson
George Irion
Bo Johnson
Jim King
Teddy Lee
Jim Livingstone
Bob Lloyd
Gene Lovell
Bobby Luna





Jack Lynch
Bob McClanahan
Roger McCullough

Jerry McGinnis
Tommy McLaughlin
Tommy Magli

Charles Manning
Dan Milam
Tommy Miner

Sterling Minor
Steve Mitchell
Jim Moore

Jerry Muntz
Charles Neal
Owen Norvell

Sophomores

LIFE SAVERS

"What do you mean . . . I'm getting a pot?"

"Well, I'll be #@*%!"

Vance Ormes
Wayne Parks

Tommy Price
Ben Robinson

Sophomores

Chris Ross
Mark Schwartz

Dowell Smith
Tommy Smith

Bob Smithson
Hanes Sparkman

Dale Stephens
Ed Uthman

Dabney Walt
Bob Woods

...The Class of '71

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS HUGH SMITH, TREASURER HOUSTON MORAN, SECRETARY BOB ARMISTEAD

PRESIDENT JEFF HOOVER, VICE-PRESIDENT JOHN HALL

Bailey Allen John Andrews George Armistead
Henry Ambrose Bob Armistead Tommy Baldridge

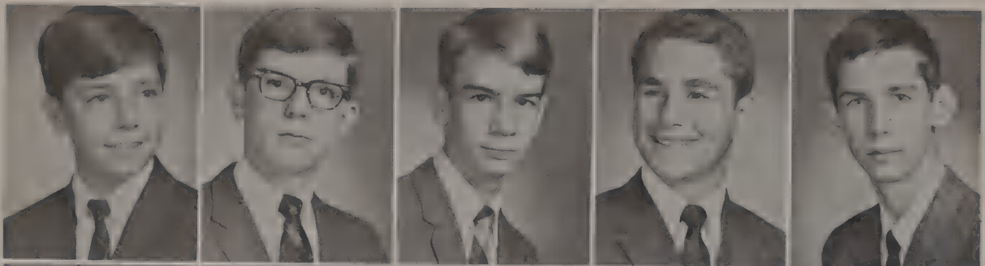
" . . . and his first reaction will be to grab his knee."

Freshmen

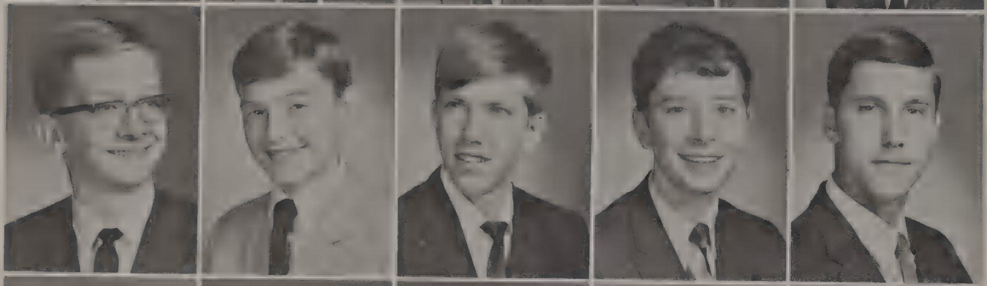
John Boyd
Ed Branding
Randy Bratton
Sid Broderson
Mike Broderick

John Brown
Don Cameron
Howell Campbell
John Carter
Milton Crowell

Dan DePriest
Alan Duke
Doug Early
Alan Fisher
Fred Funte



Reed Garrett
Steve Geny
Robert Glenn
Randy Goldstein
Jimmy Graham



Timothy Graham
L. A. Green
Charlie Haffner
John Haley
John Hall

Stan Hardcastle
John Harper
Jeff Hoover
Mayes Hume
John Ingold

"And I like eet because eet is greaseless."

Freshmen

Rayme Jernigan	Owen Jones	Kent Kressenberg
Bill Jones	Joey Kestner	Thomas Lackey

Bill Lawrie
O'Neil Lee
John Lykins
Charlie McCabe
Buddy McDaniel

Gerard MacDonald
Tom McMillin
James Manning
Brett Massey
Mike Matthews

Allyn Maxcy
Dolph Mayer
Robby Meadows
Houston Moran
Lee Morrison

Freshmen

Bram Neil
Bill Neill

Hudson Ogilvie
John Petrucelli

Rick Philpot
Johnny Phipps

". . . And for an encore, I throw records across the Cumberland River."

Webb Powers
Pat Reade
Bobby Rogers
Bill Ross

Phillip Rush
Stack Scoville
Bill Smith
Hugh Smith

Turner Snodgrass
Rick Stader
Scott Sutherland
John Taylor

Freshmen

Brad Thomason
Gene Thune
Bill Tichenor
Ben Wagner
Ham Wallace

Richard Wallace
Charles Warfield
Jack Witherspoon
John Woodfin
Jay Young

. . . The Class of '72

VICE-PRESIDENT STEWART BRONAUGH
PRESIDENT BEAU CRAWFORD

SECRETARY TREY BOYD, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS STEPHEN SMITH,
TREASURER ALAN DULEY

Hugh Anderson
Ronald Anderson
Edward Asger
Richard Ball
Vance Berry

William Billington
Trey Boyd
Stewart Bronaugh
David Buntin
Hunt Campbell

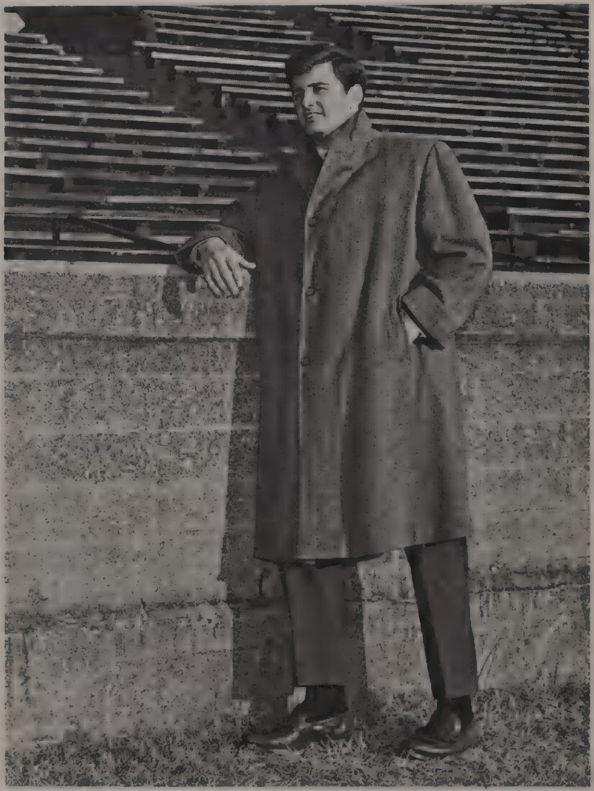
Bush Cole
Thomas Connor
Chad Core
Beau Crawford
Samuel Duke

Sub-Freshmen

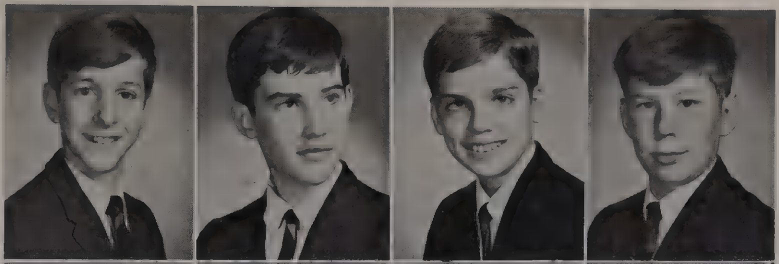
Alan Duley
William Evans

John Ferguson
Wesley Green

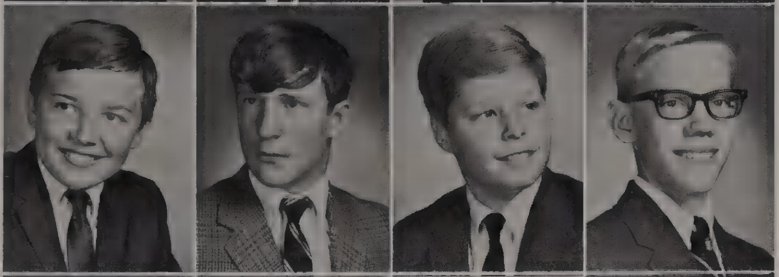
James Harrison
Douglas Jackson



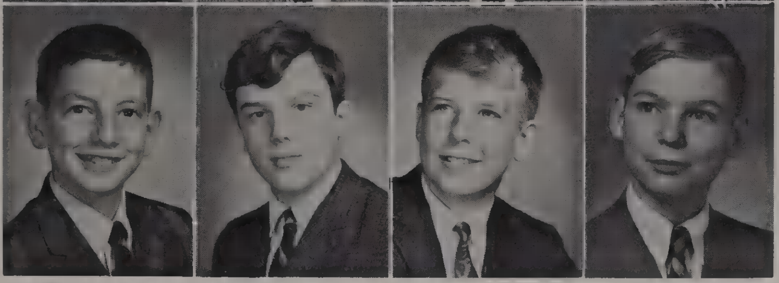
". . . and after I won World War II I invented the boll weevil, and after that I wrote *War and Peace,* and then I . . ."



Kenny McLaughlin
Ed Manning
Edward Martin
Mark Miller



William Mitchell
William Moench
Sam Moore
Robert Ogles



Johnnie Pewitt
Robert Pickard
West Reid
Steven Scoville

Kevin Simonton
Stephen Smith
Tom Steele

Robert Sutton
John Talton
Randy Vandernaillen

Samuel Wauford
Marc Williams
Parker Wright

Sub-Freshmen

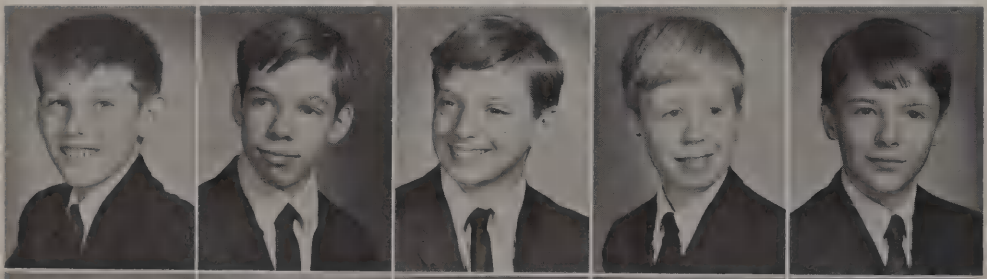
POT IS FUN
N'T YOU R EDICK
ΣΑΕ

"Sing-Out B.G.A."—1968

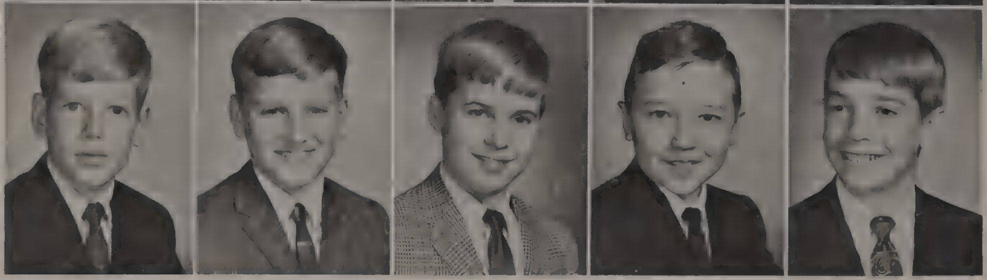
...The Class of '73

VICE-PRESIDENT CHUCK YOUNG
PRESIDENT HORTON FRANK

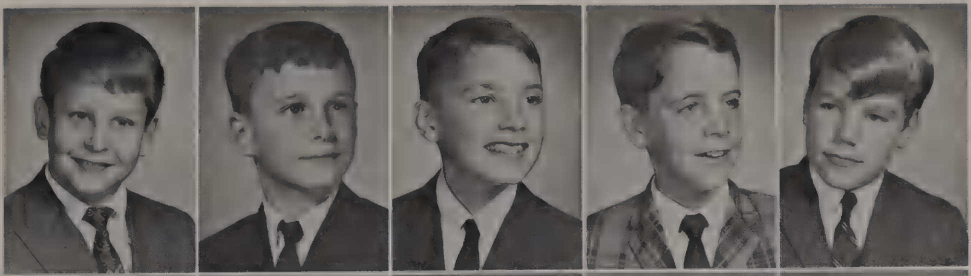
SECRETARY JIMMY MCLAUGHLIN
TREASURER MARK GREEN
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS MARK JENKINS



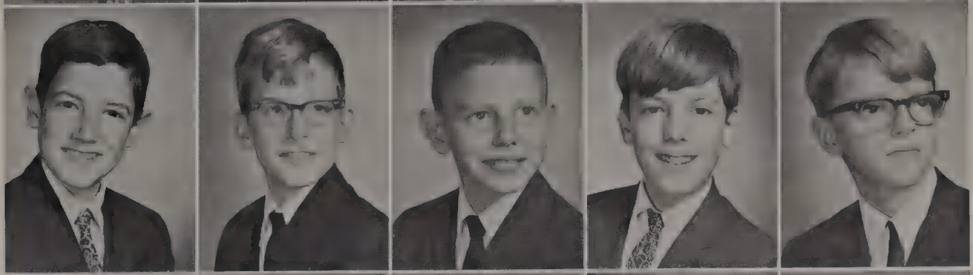
Bill Campbell
Jay Carey
John Cowan
Lee Ellis
Roger Everson



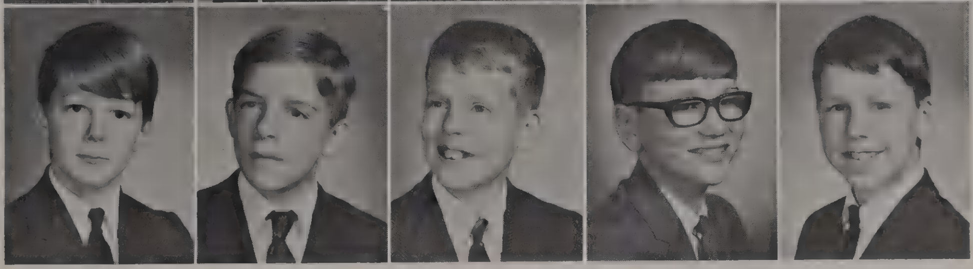
Webb Follin
Horton Frank
Mark Green
Curtis Haga
Mark Jenkins



Mark Leland
Charlie Little
Mel McKinnon
Jimmy McLaughlin
Jay Moench



Bob Moran
Jay Norman
Jere Pewitt
Wilson Primm
Tom Ritter



Wade Robinson
Scott Smith
Mark Voorhees
Wiley White
Chuck Young

Sub-Freshmen

"Now, let's see,
2 + 2 = . . ."

Go ahead. Introduce your favorite chicks.

You won't get your face slapped. Not this time.

Anytime is a good time for your favorite girl to meet Minnie Pearl's golden brown, country-fied chicken. Some afternoon after a swim. Or just before going to the show. Or after the combo.

So go ahead. Introduce your favorite chick to your favorite chicken. They'll get along great.

Minnie Pearl's Chicken System, Inc.®

John Jay Hooker, Jr., *President and Board Chairman*

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8/98

Evelyn Anderson Galleries

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Nashville, Tennessee 37205

Member of the ART and ANTIQUE DEALERS LEAGUE
of America, Inc.

Brother Campbell: *"Oh, that log shot a spark!"*

The Arnold Company

Franklin Road

Brentwood, Tennessee

Phone 832-5068

Real Estate and General Insurance

September

1—Coach Cherry and his Wildcats open their winning streak with a 13 to 6 win over Hendersonville.

6—School begins.

6—Seniors resolve to let it slide.

7—Brady gives his first completely ridiculous interpretation of English literature.
—Seniors begin work on the Smithsonian Institute.

11—Second period Advanced Placement U.S. History hears about Joe, the snake; the Dalazonian Indian cave, and the story of Og.

19—Seniors discover Wiley.

20—Wiley discovers Bebo.

25—Otis outlines ambitious PE course for coming year.

Western Auto Store

Davis Tires *Truetone Radios & TV's*

Wizard Appliances

409 Main Street

Franklin, Tennessee

Phone 291-4870

Embassy Flowers

Belle Meade Plaza Harding Road

Nashville, Tenn. 37205

The Prestige Name in Flowers

THE
NATIONAL
LIFE
and
ACCIDENT
INSURANCE
CO.

THE FISH

Security Federal Savings
and Loan Association

Gallatin - Nashville - Springfield

Steve Chambers: *"Ooh La La!"*

Franklin Plumbing & Heating Co.

Columbia Avenue
Franklin, Tennessee

Harpeth Insurance Agency, Inc.

407 Main Street
Franklin, Tennessee

Tom Dickinson: "*. . . and a carton of Pall Malls.*"

Estes-Taylor Company

Homebuilders *Realtors*

297-7577 298-4421

S. E. Farnsworth & Co.

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Lumber - Builders Supplies - Roofing - Paints

Franklin 794-3531 Owner: Albert Ragsdale

Pigg & Parsons

Fine Clothes for Men and Boys

113 W. Madison St. Pulaski, Tenn.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes Arrow Shirts
Florsheim Shoes Dobbs & Stetson Hats

First National Bank

Pulaski, Tennessee

"Go forward with the First"

Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
$15,000 Maximum Insurance for Each Depositor
Member

October

2—Dr. Joe barricades himself in the library to avoid Wilson, Faircloth, and Dale.

7—Seniors enjoy their first one hundred minute chemistry period amid the sulfurous fumes of Mr. Akin's laboratory.

19—Bob Estes, spurred on by Sidney Poitier movies and *Newsweek,* challenges Mr. Redick to classroom debate.

21—"How 'bout chu?" becomes new boarder catchword.

24—Soupremes start wearing plastic bags over hands.

30—The semester issue of the *Wildcat* comes out. It is filled with excellent writing and incisive humor. Errors are hard to find.

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To the Class of 1968

From

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Fred Faircloth: *"Did you see what that horse did!"*

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Cameron Oil
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Franklin, Tennessee

FRANKLIN
LAUNDRY

November

3—Mr. Bragg tells seniors about college for the last time.

5—Eddie Harris gets up to speak in assembly before football game but is shouted down.

7—Tommy Lawrence gives chapel talk—"Never, in my four years as a student at Battle Ground Academy . . ."

12—Mr. Akin and Felix Fly come out with BGA seat cushions.

17—Mr. Bragg threatens extra chapel talk if seniors do not complete ACT forms on time.

23—Horrell salvages 0-0 tie from certain defeat as member of his own Miracles intercepts pass for Blue Ribbons.

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Jud Rogers: *"This reminds me of a similar situation in Xenophon's Anabasis in which . . ."*

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December

1—Mr. Smithson acquaints Advanced Math with his medieval tactic of waiting until monthly test week to take any grades.

4—Dr. Green belabors FCA in chapel talk.

7—Mr. Bradshaw confirms rumors that he is discontinuing Sing-Out.

9—Seniors "boycott" Christmas Dance.

10—Mr. Bragg delivers amusing chapel talk on library use.

11—Otasha teaches PE classes how to fight dirty.

12—Brodnax defeats John Wilson with self-defense tips from Honorable Otis.

14—Mr. Byrd presents Glee Club Christmas program. Furman moved—out the back door.

15—Senior play presented. Smithson boycotts. Faculty decides to eliminate Christmas holidays.

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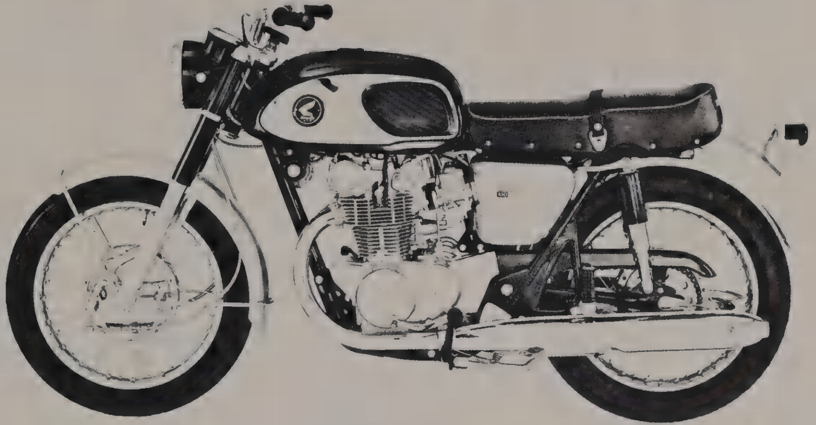

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HONDA SALES AND SERVICE

Warner Drug Company

2713 Franklin Road

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Village Market

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Open 6 til 12

January

5—Mr. Redick inaugurates "Bull Ratings", predicts B-Ball team to lose to Franklin.

8—Mr. Kennedy tells Seniors about the Stuka Dive Bomber.

11—Seniors discover Mr. Richardson is a gun maniac ("ballistics, boys, ballistics").

17—Mr. Smithson conducts fire drill and gets stuck in door as he leads students to only exit.

19—Minchion "loses" blue wasp.

22—Heflin celebrates first anniversary of "David Heflin, Donelson H. S. Sweetheart of the Month."

27—McClanahan becomes "Last of the Mohicans" at "Battle of the Fallen Hair."

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8th Avenue

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Mike Minor: *". . . and, among other things, I want to be a hippie, Mr. Redick."*

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Chaplain—Phil Martin

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and Seed Co.

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Phone 794-4761

February

5—Coach Gentry recommends "hair soup" as a tasty treat.

8—Shack gets a real electric light, thanks to Charlie Wolff.

11—Senioritis strikes as Heflin, Austin, and Stephens declare study hall "Senior Room."

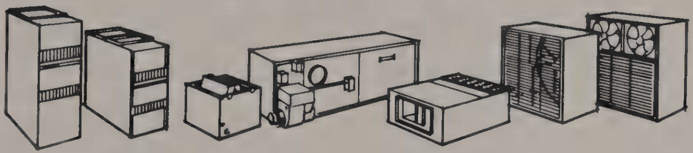
17—Lloyd washes his hair.

19—Lester applies for job at Krispy Kreme.

23—Mr. Redick, disguised as "teenager," tries to infiltrate weekend parties.

27—"Soupremes" accidentally drop Mrs. Brown into soup.

Top of the class.



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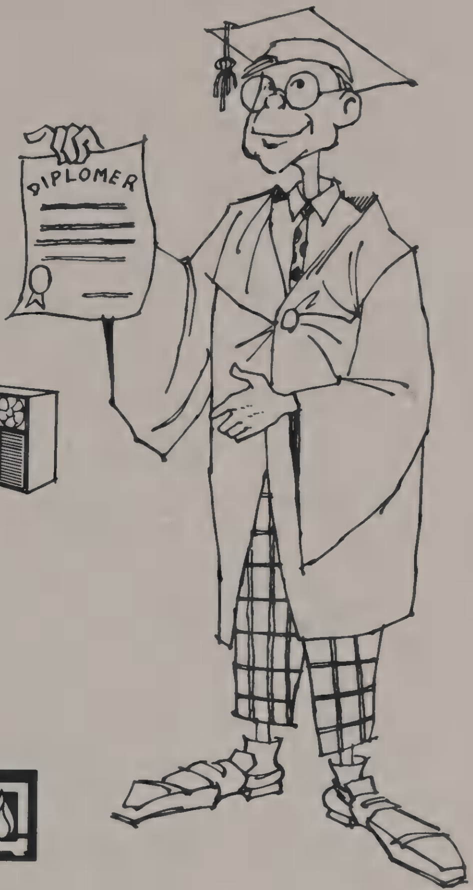
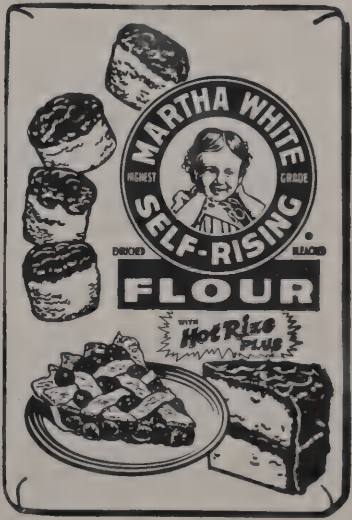


Robby Minor: *"OK, Mr. Byrd, Take it from the top."*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Grocery

Franklin, Tennessee

Westwood Florist &
Nursery

Clinton, Tennessee

Cosmopolitan
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IN GREEN HILLS

March

2—Juniors puzzled in English as they are asked to find subject of simple sentence.

9—Steve Chambers comes to school on a Monday.

13—B.G.A. chorus, directed by Mr. Byrd, is invited to appear in Carnegie Hall.

17—Mr. Smithson finallv eases up on homework; Advanced Math students get to bed at 1 instead of 3:30.

19—Tom Brady's no-iron tattersal shirt still going strong.

22—Seniors create trouble as honor council officers are elected.

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Public Square

Franklin, Tennessee

S & W

Printing

Corporation

Franklin, Tennessee

April

3—Mr. Smithson gives "pop" 3 hour Calculus exam in 20 minutes.

7—Tim Dempsey voted "most popular proctor" in annual Reinhard Heydrich Superlative contest.

9—Dr. Green cancels plans for his annual "Caravan of Stars."

16—Coach Cherry assigns polyhedron figures for homework; Thompson submits head.

21—Mr. Redick invites Avon Williams for chapel talk.

26—Bob Estes is declared patron of all humble people everywhere.

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JOHNSON CITY

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May

1—Harris tries to integrate A&I.

6—Brady sacks bus station in search of date for final dance.

6—Juniors begin to plan final dance.

7—Final dance is held.

11—NBC, CBS, and ABC fight it out for rights to telecast Tug-O-War.

16—Faculty members choose machine guns for "parting shot" at Seniors.

25—Seniors solemnly celebrate graduation with Coke and cookie party at Furman's.

26—Former Seniors get first request for money.

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by
any
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Steve Hicks: *"Boy, was that a party!"*

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M.J.W.

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Phil Martin: *"Yea, coach, I'll keep my head up."*

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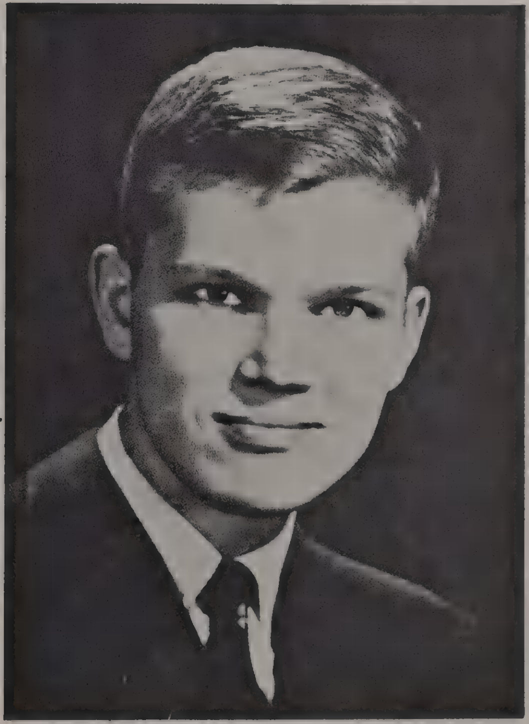

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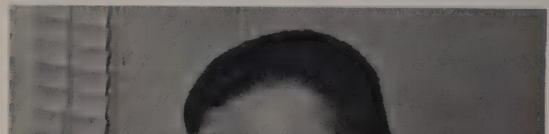

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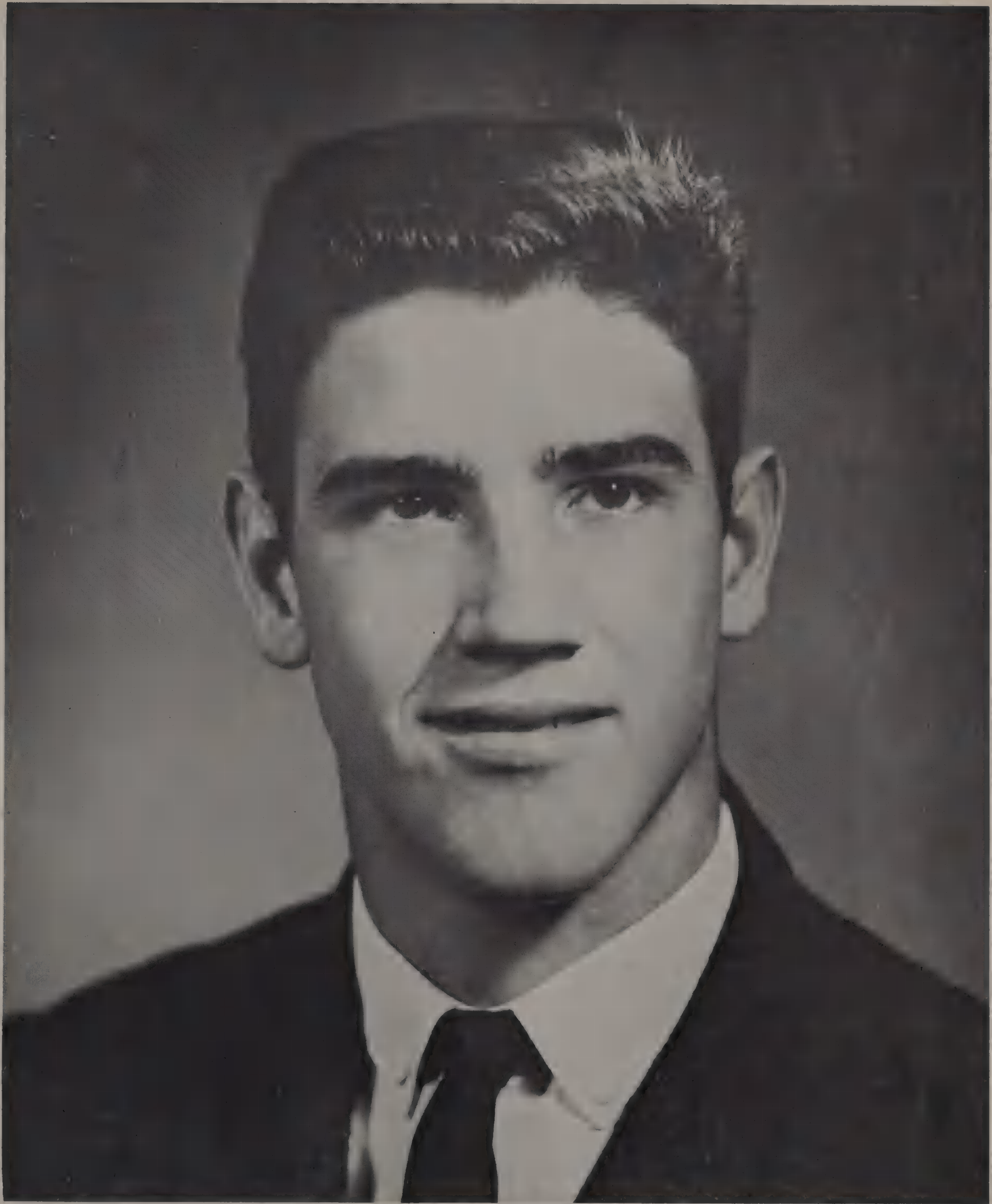
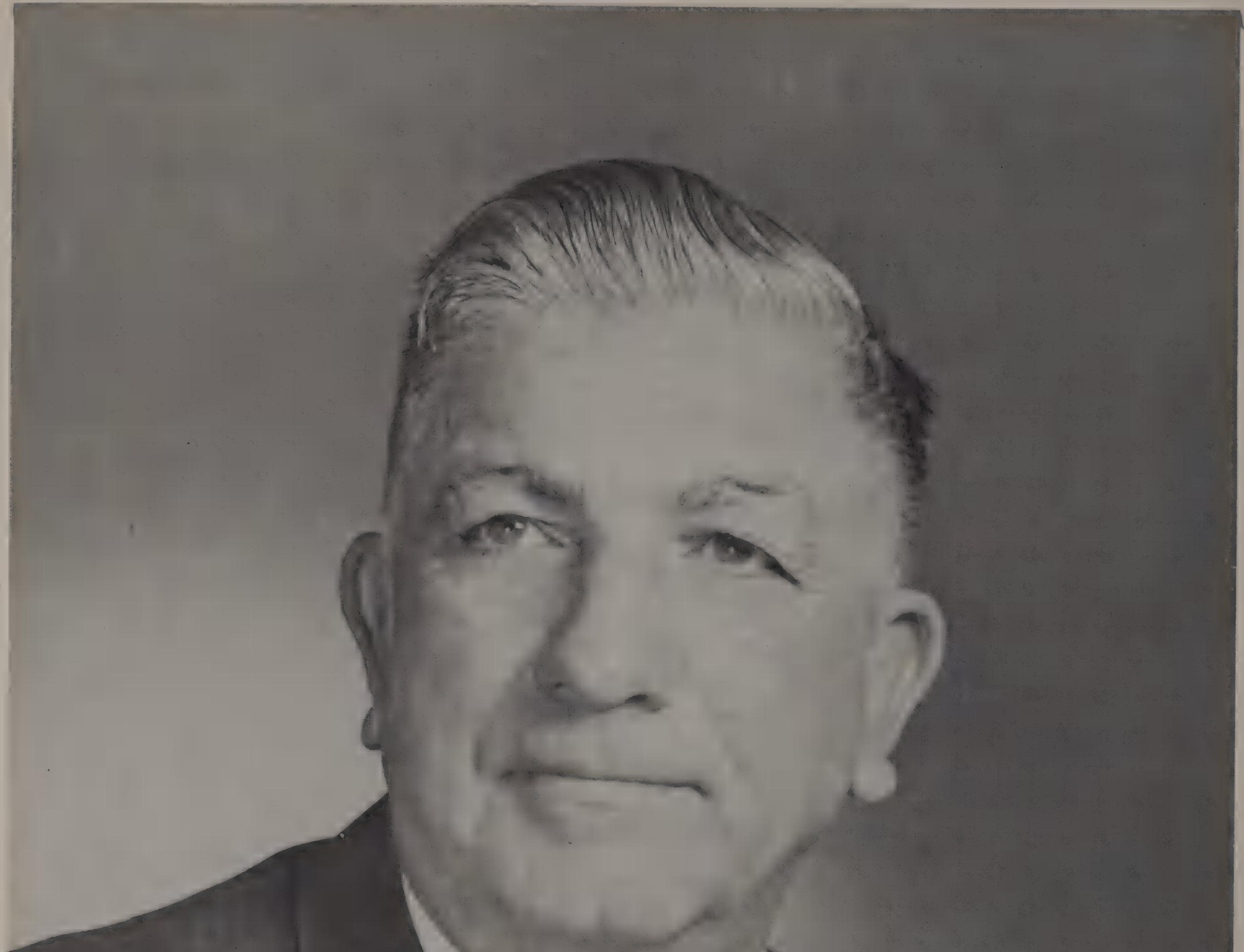


In Memoriam

Paul Owen Guffee

1943-1968



W. Paul Redick
Headmaster Battle Ground Academy
1950-1968

It will be difficult to forget Mr. Redick. I had heard of him long before I first saw him. Perhaps the first actual glimpse came on a testing day in February of 1963. A youngster could not help but be overwhelmed by his genial disposition. "This is Mr. Redick," I was told as I looked into the gray eyes partially obscured by a squint resulting from a broad smile spreading over all parts of his visage. I had to look up, because Mr. Redick was a big man. He was attired in a neat suit; but perhaps you saw him at his leisure in a loose-fitting sportshirt with a pipe in his mouth. Maybe he was working in his front lawn, pruning the low shrubs near his red-brick house on Everbright, when your father decided to stop either for business or just talk. You might remember his laugh—throaty and coarse but certainly agreeable. Mr. Redick enjoyed laughter.

It was not all smiles, though, and for good reasons. You must have gotten into some form of trouble at least once. At that time the geniality on his face would be replaced by a cold look of concern or, if the situation warranted it, anger. The eyes would now sometimes be fully open, depending on the severity of the wrinkling of his forehead. He would occasionally rest his chin in the palm of his hand as he listened to your version of the story. Maybe you were paddled. He would instruct you to lean over the back of a chair and grasp the front edge with both hands. Then he would commence action in a downward circular motion with that wide canoe paddle—first on the right, then on the left, high, low. . . . After thorough coverage he would turn you around and shake your hand, an action that was somewhat uncomfortable to you since it left you with only one hand to massage the affected area. He would tell you that he had hated doing it, because it hurt him even more than you. At that moment of physical agony you probably had your doubts.

But it did hurt Mr. Redick. It hurt him because he was genuinely concerned about your present and future well-being. He shared in our victories and defeats alike. A good number of his stories concerned boys after they had left Battle Ground. He was as pleased as a parent when one boy fulfilled his promise, and as disappointed when another didn't. Remember his stands against the "Sundrops" and "G.D.I.'s"? How about his incessant praise in assembly of the speech department, annual staff, and other lesser organizations? Yes, Mr. Redick cared about all of us, and I guess that is the thing for which we will remember him most. What more could we have asked?

And lest we forget...

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Student Picture Index

Compliments of the Freshman Class

Akin, Bob—28, 135
Alford, Houston—129
Allen, Bailey—60, 141
Allen, Buddy—28, 129
Ambrose, Henry—29, 141
Anderson, Allen—22, 27, 55, 56, 73, 80, 83, 118
Anderson, Bob—129
Anderson, Hugh—61, 146
Anderson, John—48, 49, 58, 70
Anderson, Rob—12, 56, 62, 129
Anderson, Ron—146
Andrews, John—29, 141, 222
Armistead, Bill—28, 58, 80, 114, 128
Armistead, Bob—28, 53, 140, 141
Armistead, George—53, 78, 141
Asger, Edward—146
Ashcraft, Tommy—48, 59, 129
Atwood, Robert—34 60, 135
Austin, Hilton—58, 94, 96, 118, 222

Baldridge, Tommy—141
Ball, Ricky—146
Beadle, Skip—28, 129
Beesley, Jim—34, 76, 135
Bennett, Rick—48, 76, 134, 135
Benz, Charley—22, 58, 80, 129
Berry, Allen—93, 135
Berry, Currell—93, 146
Berry, Dewees—52, 59, 81, 129
Berry, Doug—59, 78, 135
Billington, William—29, 146
Binkley, Mike—135
Blackburn, Harry—22, 80, 129
Boyd, John—141
Boyd, Trey—29, 145, 146
Brady, Tom—2, 35, 58, 59, 95, 96, 118
Branding, Ed—141
Brantley, Sam Jack—34, 48, 58, 80, 129
Bratton, Randy—53, 141
Broderick, Mike—71, 141
Broderson, Sid—29, 53, 141
Brodnax, Phil—37, 68, 135
Bronaugh, Stewart—81, 145, 146
Brown, John—141
Budslick, Paul—135
Buntin, David—146
Buttrey, Denson—34, 129

Cameron, Don—141
Campbell, Bill—148
Campbell, Brother—12, 22, 83, 118
Campbell, Howell—141
Campbell, Hunt—146
Carey, Jay—148
Carlisle, David—135
Carter, John—141
Chaffin, Bobby—135
Chambers, Steve—22, 43, 58, 59, 66, 67, 69, 76, 77, 83, 84, 118, 222
Church, Jerry—28, 65, 135
Clement, Gary—135
Clemmons, Billy—56, 130
Cole, Bush—146
Connor, Tommy—146
Cook, Chuck—52, 135
Cooper, Pat—80, 119
Core, Chad—146
Cowan, John—148
Crawford, Beau—145, 146
Crowell, Bucky—130
Crowell, Milton—141

Dale, Larry—48, 112, 119
Dempsey, Tim—119, 222
Depriest, Dan—141
Derryberry, Tim—119
Dickinson, Tom—112, 119
Dodson, Chris—22, 52, 58, 130
Dovel, Richard—34, 135
Dryden, Alec—80, 135
Dudley, Steve—32, 58, 59, 96, 130, 222
Duke, Alan—29, 141
Duke, Philip—119, 222
Duke, Ralph—28, 136
Duke, Sammy—78, 146
Duley, Alan—29, 44, 145, 145
Dunn, Mike—22, 130

Earls, Willie—52, 136
Early, Doug—59, 141
Early, Steve—59, 95, 96, 130
Elam, Bob—136
Ellis, Jere—130
Ellis, Lee—148
Estes, Bob—22, 58, 59, 70, 86, 96, 97, 120
Evans, Billy—146
Everson, Roger—148

Faircloth, Fred—22, 120
Faircloth, Mark—28, 60, 80, 136
Faust, Steve—136
Ferguson, John—146
Fisher, Alan—141
Fisher, Bill—56, 130
Floyd, Dicky—68, 136
Fly, Felix—35, 42, 47, 48, 58, 59, 70, 76, 82, 85, 111, 120, 222
Follin, Webb—148
Folsom, Chris—61, 120
Francis, Rick—47, 48, 49, 78, 79, 130
Frank, Horton—148
Funte, Fred—29, 141
Furman, Richard—120

Gant, Harrison—76, 130
Gant, Winston—136
Gardner, David—33, 56, 58, 59, 130
Garrett, Reed—93, 112, 142
Gentry, Allen—22, 80, 136
Gentry, Dan—28, 136
Gentry, Jim—22, 130
Geny, Steve—142
Gerth, David—3, 22, 58, 59, 69, 76, 96, 117, 120
Gillum, Gary—136
Glasgow, Mike—66, 81, 121
Glenn, Robert—142
Glenn, Steve—60, 136
Goldstein, Randy—29, 142
Goodman, Barry—28, 56, 59, 136
Gordon, Joe—32, 136
Graham, Irwin—15, 56, 131
Graham, Jimmy—142
Graham, Timothy—142
Green, L.A.—29, 76, 142
Green, Mark—148
Green, Wesley—146
Greene, Nate—22, 52, 72, 75, 76, 80, 134, 136

Haffner, Bill—56, 80, 131
Haffner, Charlie—29 ,56, 142
Haga, Curtis—148
Haley, John—142
Hall, John—29, 140, 142
Hamilton, Buzz—22, 72, 76, 77, 83, 89, 117, 121
Hardcastle, Stan—142
Harper, John—29, 142
Harper, Truman—48, 51, 80, 131
Harris, Eddie—22, 66, 111, 121
Harrison, Jim—29, 146
Hasty, Hugh—131
Harwell, Tommy—80, 134, 137
Hedden, Don—15, 62, 66, 75, 76, 77, 113, 121
Heflin, Dave—58, 94, 96, 121, 222
Henry, Bob—131, 222
Herndon, Wilson—137
Herrington, Leonard—22, 128, 131
Hicks, Steve—35, 82, 83, 92, 121
Holliday, Doug—45, 48, 58, 59, 109, 111, 122, 122
Hollins, Sam—28, 80, 137
Hoover, Jeff—22, 53, 80, 140, 142
Horn, Steve—52, 78, 131, 222
Horrell, Steve—60, 122
Howard, Mike—137
Howarth, Rick—34, 52, 134, 137
Howser, Jack—60, 137
Huffman, Josh—28, 65, 81, 112, 131
Hume, Lee—32, 131
Hume, Mayes—29, 53, 81, 142
Hutchinson, Brad—137

Ingold, John—93, 142
Irion, George—137, 34
Isaacson, Mike—131

Jackson, Doug—44, 146
Jenkins, Mark—148
Jernigan, Rayme—142
Johnson, Bill—62, 122
Johnson, Bo—32, 137
Jones, Bill—29, 142
Jones, Owen C.—142

Katzoff, Richard—59, 96, 131, 222
Kestner, Joey—142
King, Jim—34, 137
Kressenberg, Kent—96, 142

Lackey, Thomas—142
Lanier, Dwight—52, 80, 131
Lawrence, Tommy—33, 35, 60, 82, 122
Lawrie, Bill— 61, 143
Lee, John—22, 58, 59, 80, 128, 132
Lee, Ozzie—143
Lee, Teddy—28, 52, 78, 79, 137
Leland, Mark—149
Lester, Joe—12, 35, 56, 69, 70, 72, 82, 88, 122, 222
Lewis, Dick—52, 59, 78, 79, 132
Lish, Kelly—56, 57, 58, 66, 73, 82, 122
Little, Charlie—149
Little, Russell—22, 35, 54, 56, 59, 67, 96, 117, 123
Livingstone, Jim—34, 60, 80, 137
Lloyd, Bill—33, 58, 59, 60, 123
Lloyd, Bob—137
Lovell, Gene—32, 56, 57, 137
Lucas, Johnny—56, 132
Luna, Bobby—137
Lykins, John—29, 76, 143
Lynch, Jack—32, 138

McCabe, Charlie—143
McClanahan, Bob—34, 134, 138
McClanahan, Steve—123
McCullough, Roger—138
McDaniel, Buddy—29, 53, 143
MacDonald, Gerard—143
McGinnis, Jerry—28, 80, 138
McKinnon, Mel—93, 149
McLaughlin, Jimmy—34, 148, 149
McLaughlin, Kinny—147
McLaughlin, Tommy—93, 138
McLeod, Ned—80, 132, 222
McMillin, Tom—143
Maddux, Lewis, 132, 222
Magli, Tommy—93, 138
Manning, Charles—138

Student Picture Index

Compliments of the Freshman Class

Manning, Ed—147
Manning, James—29, 143
Manning, Wilson—56, 57, 132
Martin, Eddie—147
Martin, Phil—22, 58, 70, 123, 222
Massey, Brett—143
Matthews, Mike—29, 143
Maxey, Allyn—143
Maxwell, Billy—63, 123
Mayer, Dolph—61, 143
Meadows, Robby—143
Milam, Dan—28, 59, 138
Miles, Curt—58, 59, 94, 96, 80, 123
Miller, Mark—147
Miner, Tommy—28, 59, 138
Minor, Mike—32, 56, 80, 112, 124, 222
Minor, Robby—34, 56, 138
Minor, Sterling—28, 56, 80, 138
Mitchell, Billy—147
Mitchell, Steve—22, 80, 138
Moench, Bill—29, 147
Moench, Jay—149
Moore, Jim—32, 52, 65, 138
Moore, Sam—147
Moran, Bob—149
Moran, Houston—22, 53, 140, 143
Moran, John—22, 58, 80, 83, 11, 124
Morgan, Marshall—132
Morrison, Lee—29, 143
Muncy, Paul—22, 52, 58, 59, 69, 76, 80, 128, 132
Muntz, Jerry—59, 138

Neal, Charles—138
Neil, Bram—78, 143
Neill, Bill—143
Norman, Jay—149
Norvell, Owen—138

Ogilvie, Hudson—143
Ogles, Bob—147
Oliver, Drew—28, 56, 132
Ormes, Vance—59, 139
Osborne, Glenn—33, 60, 66, 124
Ozburn, Marty—67, 124

Parker, Buddy—28, 62, 132
Parks, Wayne—139
Peercy, Kenneth—80, 112, 132
Petrucelli, John—143
Pewett, Jere—149
Pewett, Johnnie—147
Philpot, Rick—29, 143
Phipps, Johnny—29, 143
Pickard, Bob—147
Powell, Monty—28, 132
Powers, Gary—33, 62, 124
Powers, Tim—28, 48, 49, 58, 75, 76, 132
Powers, Webb—144
Price, Tommy—139
Primm, K. O.—132, 222
Primm, Wilson—149
Provost, Ed—56, 125

Rader, Jimmy—22, 83, 112, 117, 125
Rainey, Mike—56, 125
Ramsey, Bill—2, 61, 91, 96. 97, 125
Reade, Pat—144
Reid, West—147
Ritter, Tom—149
Roberts, Eddie—28, 76, 133
Roberts, Henry—34, 56, 66, 111, 125
Robinson, Ben—139
Robinson, Wade—149
Rogers, Bobby—29, 144
Rogers, Jud—2, 32, 59, 60, 61, 87, 95, 96, 125
Ross, Bill—29, 53, 76, 144
Ross, Chris—22, 76, 139
Rush, Phillip—144

Scantlebury, Mark—12, 60, 61, 133
Schwartz, Mark—139
Scoville, Stack—68, 144
Scoville, Steve—147
Selph, Bob—133, 222
Siegrist, Jay—95, 96, 117, 126
Simonton, Kevin—29, 147
Simpson, John—133
Smith, Bill—29, 53, 144
Smith, Dowell—139
Smith, Hugh—140, 144
Smith, Scott—149
Smith, Stephen—29, 145, 147
Smith, Tommy—34, 76, 139
Smithson, Bob—28, 34, 52, 80, 139
Snodgrass, Turner—144
Sparkman, Hanes—28, 53
Stader, Rick—144
Steele, Tom—147
Stephens, Dale—22, 52, 139
Stephens, Fred—58, 96, 126, 222
Sutherland, Scott—144
Sutherland, Steve—61, 126
Sutton, Bob—29, 147

Talton, John—147
Taylor, John—32, 144
Taylor, Tommy—133
Thomason, Brad—29, 53, 144
Thompson, Doug—22, 28, 80, 133
Thune, Gene—53, 144
Tichenor, Bill—144
Turner, John—15, 126

Uthman, Ed—34, 59, 95, 139

Vander Naillen, Randy—93, 147
Vaughn, Mike—126
Voorhees, Mark—149

Wade, Frank—7, 82, 90, 126
Wagner, Ben—144
Wallace, Guy—133
Wallace, Ham—144
Wallace, Richard—144
Walt, Dabney—12, 139
Warfield, Charles—29, 53, 144
Wauford, Sam—61, 147
West, Tommy—28, 133
White, Wiley—149
Whiteman, John—133, 222
Williams, Mike—22, 80, 128, 133
Wilson, John—127
Witherspoon, Jack—53, 144
Witherspoon, Jimmy—46, 47, 48, 58, 59 81, 133, 222
Wolff, Charlie—15, 62, 127
Woodfin, John—144
Woods, Bob—139
Wright, Bobby—22, 80, 133
Wright, Parker—147

Young, Chuck—148, 149
Young, Jay—144

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